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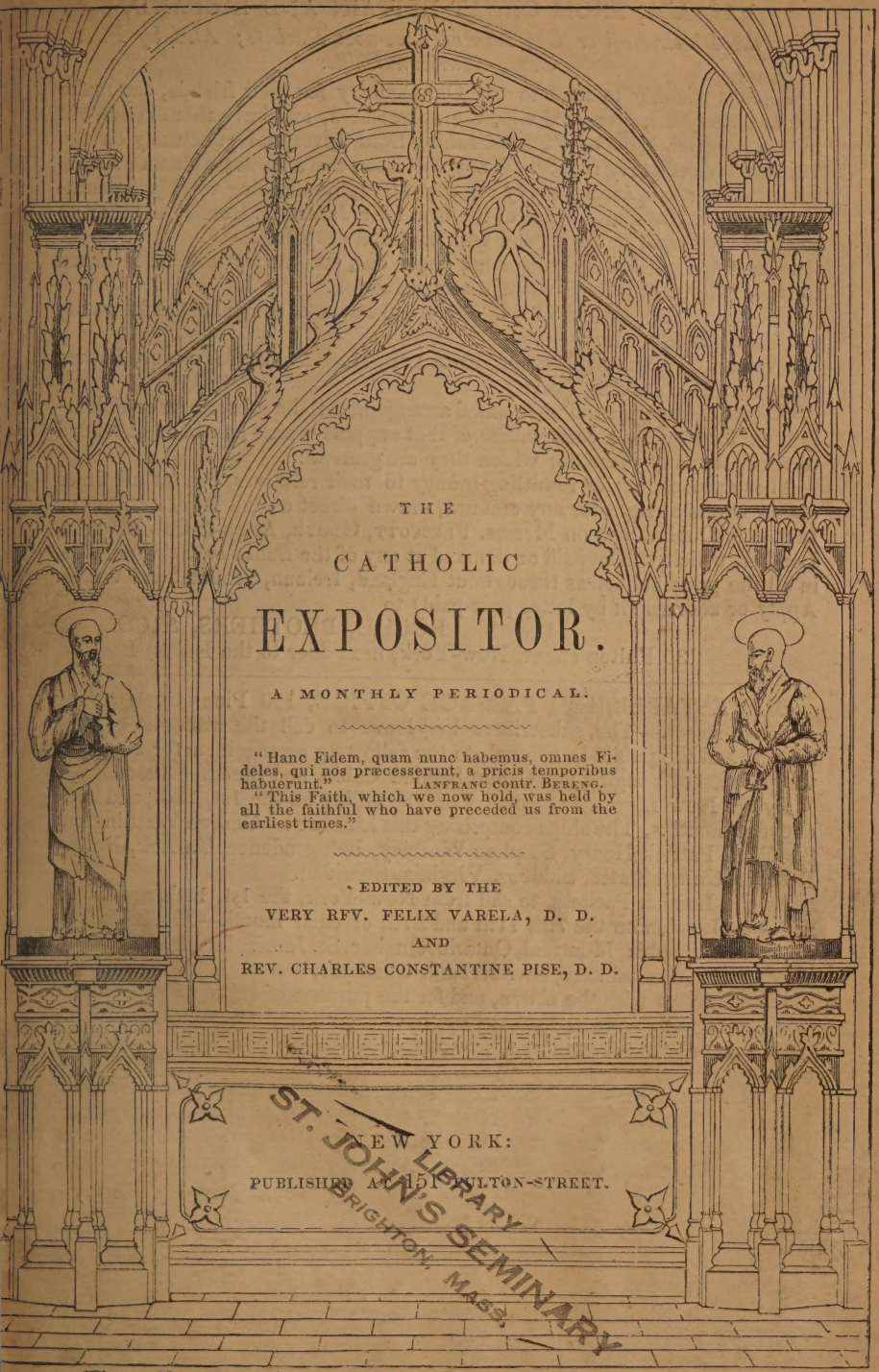
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# THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

"Hanc Fidem, quam nunc habemus, omnes Fideles, qui nos præcesserunt, a pricis temporibus habuerunt." LANFRANC contr. BERENG.
"This Faith, which we now hold, was held by all the faithful who have preceded us from the earliest times."

EDITED BY THE
VERY RFV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.
AND
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(*See third page of cover.*)



Engraved by P. Ostrander

THE

# CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

APRIL, 1844.

## MISSIONS OF THE JESUITS IN JAPAN.

At this time the Church in Japan suffered a grievious loss by the death of Louis Almeida, a person of eminent endowments both natural and acquired: of a persuasive eloquence and address, his private conversation was often more useful than his public discourses. The preaching of Fernandez was said to be more powerful, but that of Almeida was like music falling on the ear, leaving a sweet impression after the sound had ceased; of considerable skill in surgery and the art of healing, his advice and remedies were in almost continual request. He was always passing from country to country to seek after the sheep that had strayed, in the midst of combats and persecutions from the bonzas, who hated him on account of his mastery in argument, by which very many of them were converted. The people were at one time so stirred up against him as to conspire his death; being banished from Cangoxima, he lived a whole year in a little hut on the sea-shore on wild herbs; and during the persecution in the province of Gotto, which he persuaded to the faith, he was forced to lie hid a long time in a dreary desert and in caves. He was a man of enthusiastic temperament and vivid imagination; had he possessed Valignan's powers of description, or rather had his constant avocations allowed him time to write, the journal of Almeida would be one of the most curious and interesting memorials extant. He loved the church in her simple, wild, and persecuted state, better than when in honor and dominion; delighting to go forth from the city and the college, to the mountain and the shore, where the feet of the first missionary had wandered. He spent twenty-nine years in the mission; his earlier life was passed in Lisbon, in the gaieties and pleasures of its court, with other

young noblemen of his age: his fervent expressions tell how much more dearly he loved the pains and sorrows of Japan.

Numerous hospitals were also erected by the fathers: the one in the city of Fucheo was under excellent regulations, and was divided into sixteen large apartments or wards: some of the places of worship were in picturesque situations. "Most of the inhabitants of the town being turned Christians, obtained leave from the king to build a church.—The place designed for this purpose was a little hill near the sea. The situation was very agreeable, being all shaded with pleasant groves, and plentifully watered on both sides by little brooks from the hill-tops, which ran down through the plain to disembogue themselves into the sea.—The king himself hunting one day in those parts, was so charmed with the beauty of the place, that he ordered them to build him a palace near the church, and forbade any other whatever to settle thereabouts."

Whilst the fathers were hastening to extend the empire of the Cross, Faxiba was busy in establishing himself: in the year 1583 he took the name of Cambacundo, or sovereign lord of Japan; he built Ozaca, the most beautiful town in the empire, employing about the works every day sixty thousand men. Gaspar Cuello the new provincial, arrived in Meaco, and demanded an audience; with his retinue of fifteen religious, and attendants bearing the presents he brought, he was conducted into a hall that was hung with skins of tigers and other animals, and thence, after a while, into a large hall gilt on the ceiling and sides, where the king was seated on a magnificent throne; he was pleased with the presents. "After collation, he entertained them with a long and familiar discourse about his government; after that, he rose, and commanded them to be shewn his palace: as they were passing through the apartments, he accosted them again in an undress, and without any guards or attendants save two ladies, whereof one carried the keys and the other his sword and belt, (for the kings of Japan are served in their palaces by women only,) there were above three hundred of these in the palace, all of them daughters to the principal lords in his realms. The fathers were not a little surprised to see him all alone in this equipage: then, marching before them, he ordered the lady to open the doors and said to them, this chamber is full of gold, and that of silver; in this are all kind of wrought silks; and in that, my arms, which are thought to be of great value. From thence he carried them up to the top of the palace, which was built pyramidwise, and entertained them with a charming prospect of Ozaca, and all the champaign country about: not content with what he had done already, he commanded all the ladies and maids of honor to the queen, whereof many were Christians, to come and pay their respects to the fathers. It was whispered by the ladies about the queen, that her majesty though a

heathen, longed passionately to see them."

In the height of all this favor and prosperity, the Christians were visited with a very sensible affliction, in the death of the brave, gifted, and faithful king of Omura: his sickness was long and tedious, during which he prepared himself for the change, so fearful to a monarch: finding his end near, he called in Sanchez his heir, and his other children, and addressed them in these words: "It is now five-and-twenty years since I received the faith from Cosmo de Torres. At the beginning of my reign, there was not one Christian in all my states; and now I leave the greater part of my subjects members of the holy Catholic church. I fear, in the weighty and important matters of state, I may have been less observant of my, duty and perchance, too, by my negligence and ill example, have been the cause of my subjects not living up to the perfection of Christianity. It is your duty then, my son, to repair my faults. As for you, Linus, and my daughters, be sure you love and honor your mother, and take particular care of her in her old age. Advise with the fathers of the Society in all your concerns. Remember my soul after I'm gone; add by your alms prayers and sacrifices of the church, procure it eternal rest. As for my body, I would not have it interred with any pomp. Our Lord Jesus Christ bless you with his favor in this life, and send us all a happy meeting in heaven." With that he dismissed his children full of tears, and, having received the extreme unction, expired. He was the first prince in Japan that received baptism; and was stripped of all his fortune, and more than once saw himself beseiged by numerous armies; he gave battle, and conquered; in all revolts and turns of states, which happened frequently in his reign, he was always ardent and intrepid without any wavering in his faith. He was scarcely cold in the grave, when he was followed by his brother Francis, prince of Arima, a man of inferior genius and conduct: "who afflicted himself with frequent penances; he fasted several days in the week, disciplined himself daily, to repair, as he used to say, the scandal he had given by his former loose and libertine life. He took several pilgrimages on foot, with father Baptist de Montes, even to far remote mountains, to adorn certain crosses of devotion in those places: he confessed and communicated every week he recited his rosary daily on his knees, and over and above another pair of beads, together with his domestics. He stole out of his palace in the morning by a back door, and went to make his prayers in the Jesuits' college: every year he retired for eight or ten days to make the spiritual exercises of Saint Ignatius.—They preserved in one of the principal monasteries, with mighty veneration, several ancient large volumes of the god Xaca, wrote in gold letter, together with the pictures of nineteen of his disciples: he burnt them all to ashes. Virtue is tried chiefly

in adversity, and king Francis of all others had his share ; he was forced, after that bloody battle, in which twenty thousand of his subjects were cut off, to wander over mountains and forests, to escape the fury of his enemies, without anything save a crucifix, which he carried in his hand. By the way of the cross and sufferings, God conducted him to the Kingdom of his son. With a noble resignation, he blessed the hand that chastened him. The Christian princes and lords from Fucheo and the neighboring countries assisted at the interment : his body, in the royal robes, was put into a rich coffin, and carried, by the first lords of the kingdom, on their shoulders : round the bier were many persons of quality, carrying each in their hands a standard quartering the holy cross ; next to him went the queen and the young princesses, in deep mourning, with long trains, borne up by ladies of rank. The march was closed by the guards, who were followed by infinite crowds of people, weeping, and lamenting the loss of their father and their king."

Religion in Japan was now honorable ; thirty eight years were fled since Xavier first sowed the seeds, that had sprung up unto heaven : the rich and the proud, the prince and the poor man, sat beneath its shadow: this was the season of its fullest glory no more should men say that its leaves were fair, and the fruit meat for all : no more should "the sight thereof go forth to all the earth."— There came a voice which seemed to say, "hew the tree down, and cut off its branches, and scatter its fruit." In the year 1587, they reckoned there were two hundred thousand Christians in Japan, among whom were generals of armies, courtiers and men of learning, and the flower of the nobility. The Jesuit could survey with pride and gratitude this glorious vineyard of the church, and ask, whether since the early ages of Christianity, so rapid and vast a conversion had ever been vouchsafed : the attention of Europe was drawn to Japan ; the pontiff looked upon it as his own heritage, as a new empire of the see, and perhaps saw in fancy all Asia kneeling at his feet.

The peace of the church died with the princes of Arima and Omura : two and forty days after their death, Cambacundo altered in his affection to the Christians, and from a friend and protector became their mortal foe. A mandate was suddenly issued, that the fathers should depart Japan within six months, and preach the gospel no more, under pain of death. It was said the king designed to rank himself among the gods, and be adored by his subjects as chief conqueror of Japan ; and knowing none but the Chistians durst oppose him, he wished to expel them forthwith. The mandate fell like a thunderbolt on the Christians ; the father provincial wrote immediately to all the missionaries to repair to Firando : he ordered them to take down all ornaments in the churches, and shut up their colleges and houses. A hundred and twenty fathers repaired

in disguise to Firando. In this lamentable conjuncture they knew not what course to steer, but decided in a general consultation—"that as for the priests, preachers, and catechists, and others, anywise instrumental in the help of souls, ought to keep their posts, and prepare themselves, if necessary, for the palm of martyrdom; and that every one should offer up his masses, prayers, penances, and other devotions that God would be pleased to touch the heart of the king. The fathers having sent private instructions to the christian princes, of their resolutions, the latter, without regard to the threats of the monarch, or their own safety, resolved to shelter them. The king of Omura took twelve, the king of Fucheo five, the princess Maxentia several, and so on to the number of seventy: for a strange commotion was caused through the whole country by the late edict. Several great officers resigned their places: several ladies testified an admirable constancy; among others, the queen of Tango, and one of her maids of honor. The former, in this season of trial, fervently desired baptism, and sent the latter to the fathers, conjuring them to save her soul. They, knowing the sincerity of the princess, and finding no possibility of access to her, instructed Mary, the maid of honor, "who was a young princess of the royal stock, in the flower of her age, both agreeable and rich," in what related to this sacrament, and ordered her to baptize the queen. The lady readily embraced the command: it was an interesting scene: the holy water in the hand of the young and fervent woman, who stood in a devotional attitude and eyes lifted to heaven, while she spoke the solemn words of baptism, and the queen knelt at her feet on the rich floor, with her faithful ladies around her. Mary, who was engaged to be married to one of the princes of Japan, went afterwards to give the father superior an account of her commission. "I'm so much honored," said she, "by this divine ministry, that I look upon myself as a person consecrated to God, that ought not to be profaned to common use. And therefore now, in your presence, I make a vow of perpetual chastity, and in testimony hereof I now cut off my hair:" this resolve caused great astonishment at the court; but persuasions were of no avail to induce her to return to the world. Mary and the lady Monica of Sacay, who asked counsel of Almeida, might have founded an excellent and influential nunnery. She lived long in single blessedness of life and heart; and from her retreat saw the church wasted, and her patroness fall a victim. This queen, whom Mary had baptized by the name of Grace, was an admirable woman, "of a rare beauty, of a quick wit, and a spirit and genius above the common sort." Her husband, who loved her greatly for her charms and talents, yet hated her for her favor to the Christians, had placed guards about the palace, that she might not go to the church to hear the fathers preach. But she stole out in dis-

guise in the evening, with two or three attendants: Cespedes, ignorant of her quality shewed her the church, with which she was greatly pleased, and then preached a sermon, "that, as Providence would have it, just nicked the queen's thoughts." She proposed several doubts and difficulties which were answered to her content, and then pressed earnestly to be baptized; which the father, who knew her not, declined at that time to grant her. The guards and attendants, discovering her absence, sought straight in all the temples, and at last found her in the church: a more strict watch was kept on her movements, so that she could only send her ladies to the fathers for their instructions, and at last, no other means being left, baptism was conferred by the hand of Mary. Her husband, enraged at this event, commanded her in vain to return to the religion of the country; "he was strangely tormented between the two resolves, of keeping or turning her off: love would not let him part with her; but at the same time, he resolved to make trial of severity, hoping by this means to work her insensibly into a compliance." During thirteen years his brutal and arbitrary temper caused her to lead a wretched life: frequently in his passion he presented his sword to her breast; then he punished some of the christian ladies of her court, and banished others: none escaped him but Mary, in consideration of her quality and merit. When the Jesuits were retired to Firando, she wrote frequently to them, for instruction and comfort; several of her letters were preserved by the Castilian historians; this is one of them, to Cespedes:

"Nothing pleases me more, than what I heard lately—that you had resolved not to leave Japan. Your courage helps to strengthen mine, and makes me hope to see you once more at Ozaca. You know, father, it was neither worldly respect, nor any human motive, that made me think of changing my principles, but purely the grace of God my Creator, whom I prayed this long while to open my eyes and let me see the truth. Seeing he's pleased, out of his infinite mercy, to draw me out of the darkness of infidelity, I'm so convinced that there can be no salvation out of the way I'm now in, that though the heavens would change their place, though the earth, the sea, and all the elements should return again to their primitive nothing; through God's grace, I think I should still remain constant and steady in my faith. I'm still threatened, tormented, and persecuted for my religion, but Heaven has pleased to make me above apprehensions of death. My youngest son, who is not past three years of age, hath been dangerously sick, and almost despaired of by the physicians, but being under more concern for his soul than his body, I desired Mary, my spiritual mother, to baptize him. My husband bears an implacable hatred to all Christians, and treats me, as usual, after a most severe manner. On his retnrn from Ximo, one of my child-

ren's nurses having done something that disobliged him, he cut off her nose and ears, and banished several of my ladies, whom he caused to be all shaved. I take care to see them provided with all necessaries. I'm extremely glad to hear news from your fathers, and beg God to send you hither again, for the good of my soul and that of my children. I recommend myself and all my family to your prayers.

"Your affectionate
"and afflicted daughter,
"GRACE,
"Queen of Tango."

In the beginning of 1589, the emperor, once the wood-cutter Faxiba, gave orders for all the princes of Japan to come and do him homage, for he was now master of nearly all the sixty-six kingdoms of Japan, seven only excepted; and he meditated the conquest of China, to immortalize his name. The accomplished and courtly Valignan once more came on the scene, as ambassador from the viceroy of the Indies to Japan: his arrival at this season was fortunate, and with him returned the three Japonian ambassadors who were sent to Rome eight years previous; their royal masters were in the grave, but their mothers and relatives hastened to the port, with tumultuous joy clasped them in their arms, and looked long and earnestly on them, so greatly were they altered by time and travel. A magnificent feast was given in the palace of Arima, after which, the ambassadors recounted some of their adventures and marvels, with which the company were so delighted, that it was late at night ere any one heeded the time. In the mean time, the persecution was fraught with disastrous results; in Meaco all the Jesuits' houses were razed, and many of the churches defaced; the estates of the principal christian inhabitants confiscated, and many of them banished. The Christians assembled for worship in private houses, where the fathers visited them from time to time. The minds of men were terrified by signs and prodigies; awful sounds were heard in the air, and visions seen in the dead of night; the king of Arima was warned to prepare himself, by two persons of celestial beauty: a convert felling a tree in the forest, found a large cross in the trunk, but its color was that of blood. Showers of ashes were seen to fall in one territory. Valignan set out for Ozaca, the new and beautiful town of the emperor, accompanied by the three Japonian ambassadors, just returned from Italy: they were received with honor.—Cambacundo, after making them splendid presents, desired them to play on the instruments of music they had learned in Rome: afterwards he discoursed with Valignan till midnight. The visit of the latter was useful to the Christians, and though he could not accomplish the free exercise of religion, his address and his presents moderated the rule's anger. In the year 1592, Valignan embarked to return to the Indies; and the emperor set forth on his expedition against China: he drew up a list of

the lords who were to serve, with their respective quotas of men; they followed him with an ill will, deeming it a rash and wild enterprise; the forces including the seamen, amounted to two hundred thousand men, and, landing in Corea, sustained there a campaign with great loss of men, and no conquests save a few provinces. Ambition and debauchery alternately filled the life of this able tyrant; amidst the infirmities of declining life, they were still as a consuming fire within him, and now he began to thirst for Christian blood.

The promise given by Gregory the 13th to the Japonian ambassadors, to grant a bishop to their churches, was now fulfilled by his successor Pius the 5th, who wrote to Oviedo, then patriarch of Ethiopia, to take upon him this bishopric. The latter, although he reaped little advantage on his mission, save injuries and affronts, refused to leave his charge, and Pius ordained Melchior, who died on the way to Macao. His holiness then nominated a third, Sebastian Morales, provincial of the Society in Portugal; he was consecrated at Lisbon in 1587, and arriving at Mozambique, was there carried off by an epidemic. Martinez, provincial of the Indies, was then chosen, who was prepared for this office by previous misfortunes: he had taught philosophy and divinity with great applause in Coimbra, and went over into Africa with the gallant and unfortunate Sebastian, king of Portugal, in quality of his preacher. After the great battle in which his master was slain or taken captive, he was detained a long time in prison and slavery; being at length ransomed, he was sent to the Indies with five other Jesuits, where his learning raised him to the rank of provincial. He arrived in Nangasaqui in 1596, and was met by all the clergy in procession, with the warmer welcome because of the present evil posture of their affairs.

The bishop, eager to enter upon his charge, despatched his interpreter to the court, where he soon after arrived, and presented the letters and presents from the viceroy of the Indies, and was received honorably. After spending some days in Meaco, to administer the sacrament of confirmation to the Christians, he returned to Nangasaqui. "And now the devil, always jealous and envious of the glory of God, seeing so many kings and queens brought under this sweet yoke, to the manifest hazard of his empire over that people, raised all on a sudden a cruel persecution." The Jesuits' house was put under guard, and the Christians began to prepare for extremities; father Organtin, an eminent man, wrote the following letter to Gomez the provincial:—"Great news, reverend father, news to all our hearts content; we have advice that the emperor, some few hours before this was wrote, had given positive orders to put to death all the religious of Meaco and Ozaca." Paul was so transported with it, that he could not contain himself. "Now, brethren," said he, "our vows are accomplished, and we shall die for the love of Him who first died for us.

This news filled all with extreme joy, and we instantly began to prepare for martyrdom. The first thing was to settle our consciences. After that, each one provided himself with a habit, surplice, and stole, in order to appear in that last scene of their lives as became true servants of God, preachers of his gospel, and worthy children of this Society. What adds to our comfort, is the admirable example of Christians of all sorts, who are ready to sacrifice all, and lay down their lives, for the faith of Jesus Christ. I told them, in case they died with me, they would be too happy. God grant we may die so as to deserve eternal life in heaven." The zeal of the women was in no way inferior to that of the men: several ladies of Meaco met together at the apartments of a lady of distinguised rank near the Jesuits' college, each in a white robe, which she had prepared for her execution; and here they entertained themselves with discourses till midnight. "I fear," said one, "who, being young and handsome, still loved to live, "I fear the sight of the lances and the crackling of the flames; but if I tremble, lay hold of me, and encourage me, that I may share with you in the crown." Several religious, of the orders of St. Francis, St. Benedict, and Augustine, who had found their way to Japan, and imitated the zeal of the Jesuits, shared in this calamity. The first execution was of six Franciscans, three Jesuits, and many Christians, twenty-four in the whole: they were crucified in Nangasaqui.

The emperor believed that this execution would strike terror into the Christians, and he issued an edict for the expulsion of all the fathers: several of the principal colleges were broken up—in that of Arima, were a hundred students. A hundred and thirty-seven churches were demolished. The prince was seized with a mortal sickness in the midst of his great and ambitious projects; having affected through his whole reign a resemblance of the divinities of the country, his last desire was to be worshipped amongst the number of the Camis, under the title of the new god of war. Father Rodriguez visited him, he found him lying on the bed, bolstered up with pillows, and so strangely altered, that he seemed to have little of the shape and figure of a man, much less of a god. Rodriguez began to speak of the state and condition of the soul; but the emperor told him he did not relish such discourses. "But who can convert a cruel, lewd, proud, and bloody tyrant, levelling on his death-bed, at the Almighty himself." Finding his weakness increasing, he ordered them to remove him to the highest and most remote apartment of the palace, to be more retired from noise, where he died at the age of sixty-four years, laden with honors and crimes —the first that dipped his hands in the blood of the Christians—the first that subdued all Japan to his sway.

The faithful began to breathe again after his death, and every thing seemed to incline towards a favorable change. In this year, 1598, the

fathers again took possession of their ancient residences at Omura and Arima. So great was the joy of the people, heathens as well as Christians, at their release from tyranny and persecution, that upwards of twenty thousand persons embraced the faith in two years.

In 1600, fifty churches were rebuilt. At this time died the queen of Tango, esteemed the loveliest woman in all Japan. "She was infinitely loved and persecuted at the same time by her husband; her beauty was his charm, her religion his cross." This prince, conspiring against the regent, and going from Ozaca to the wars, left positive orders with the captain of the guards, that if there was any danger of the queen's being taken during his absence, he should immediately put her to death. The town being soon after besieged, and the garrison summoned to deliver up the queen as a hostage, and answerable for her husband's attempts, they prepared to obey his commands. The captain of the guards hastened to the palace; but as she was greatly beloved, he fell on his knees and begged pardon, protesting that he would wash out the deed with his own blood. Not at all surprised at the news, she adored the providence of God, and replied to the messengers, who stood tearing their hair—"I am a Christian, and death to a Christian is only a passage to eternal life, which no man can take from us. Yet it is sweet to be condemned by him whom I love more than my own life!" Going then into her closet before her oratory, and lighting the candles, she prayed earnestly for the pardon of her sins, and consigned her spirit to the hands of its God. She then called her ladies, among whom was the devoted Mary, and bade them all adieu: then kneeling down, the captain of the guards at one blow severed her head from the body. He then slew himself with the same sword. "Thus died the queen of Tango, whom we may justly call a miracle of beauty and piety. She was amiable, to envy: though the quality of princess, and the condition of wife, obliged her in some measure, to take care of herself, for the preservation of her charms; yet she fasted during Lent, to the very letter of the rule: her whole comfort and pursuit was nothing but the salvation of her soul. She learnt the method of writing and reading after the European fashion, and improved herself greatly by the help of our books." Her husband entreated the fathers to perform the funeral ceremony: they assembled all the religious and seminarists from the neighboring country. The church was all hung with black, and illuminated with numerous lights; the service was sung with music, and celebrated with so much feeling, devotion, and majesty, that the king, his nobles, and officers, who amounted altogether to about a thousand, were greatly surprised. One of the Japonian students pronounced the funeral oration: he touched first on the immortality of the soul, on the glory of heaven, and the pains of the damned: then he enlarged on the incomparable vir-

tues of the late princess in so moving a way, that he put all his audience into tears.

In the beginning of the year 1604, they reckoned in Japan a hundred and twenty nine fathers of the Society: they were divided into two colleges, several houses, and nineteen residences. What resources they had, were spent partly in the help and relief of the poor, and partly in the relief of such gentry who forfeited their estates for the profession of the faith. But the regent who succeeded the emperor, awoke a new persecution, that crushed the powerful as well as the weak. The martyrdom of Don Simon, a Japonian nobleman and valiant soldier, was full of a noble interest; he was condemned to be beheaded: when the tidings were brought him in the evening, he put on his best robes, as if he had been going to a banquet; he took leave of his mother, his wife and family; they wept bitterly but Agnes would not be comforted. "This beautiful and great soul fell presently on her knees, praying him to cut off her hair, for fear, she added, "that if I chance to survive you, the world may think I have a mind to marry again." He told her that after his death she was free to take her choice. 'Oh, my lord,' replied Agnes, 'I vow, in the presence of God, I never will have any spouse but you.' He then desired his three cousins to be called in. 'Am I not a happy man,' he said, 'to die a martyr for Jesus Christ? what can I do to be grateful for so singular a favor?' 'Pray for us, we beseech you,' said one of them, 'when you come to heaven, that we may partake with you in your glory.' 'Prepare to meet me,' he replied, 'for it will not be long before you follow. Having foretold them what soon came to pass, they all fell on their knees, the mother, the wife, and the relatives reciting aloud the Confiteor; this done, he entertained himself awhile interiorly with God: then desiring the picture of our Saviour to be brought, they walked down into the hall where he was to suffer, each bearing a crucifix and a lighted torch in their hands. Many now gathering around him, gave way to their sorrow. 'Weep not for me,' said the martyr, for this is the happiest moment of my whole life;" then kneeling down, his head was struck off at one blow, in the thirty-fifth year of his age."

Agnes looked at the scene, pale and immoveable; she then knelt, and gazed on the face for some time, and kissed it, and bathed it with her tears. "Oh! my husband, who had the honor of dying for Him who first died for thee—oh! glorious martyr, now that thou reignest with God in heaven, be mindful of thy poor desolate wife, and call her to thyself."—Her words were like a prediction. An intimate friend of Simon, of the name of Don John, a man of rank, was also beheaded; leaving his widow Magdalene, and his little son Lewis, a boy about seven or eight years of age. In the course of a few days, they were all called upon to follow the dead. Four crosses were

erected at the place of execution, to which they were borne in palanquins. The first they crucified was the mother of Don Simon, a person of heroical resolution: the next was the lady Magdalene. Her own torment was nothing, to what she endured from that of the little Lewis, whom they executed in her sight. The child, seeing them tie his mother, went of his own accord to the executioners, praying them to fasten him to his cross: What, said they, are not you afraid to die? No, replied the child I fear it not; I will die with my mother. Then the executioners took and tied him to his cross, that stood right over-against that of Magdalene; but drawing the cords too tight, he gave a shriek. "Being raised aloft in the air, he fixed his eyes on his mother, and she hers on him. Son, said she we are going to, heaven; take courage: say 'Jesus Maria.' The child pronounced them, and the mother repeated; and these, their last words, were spoken with so much solemnity and harmony, that all wept around. After they had hung in this manner for some time, one of the executioners struck at him, but the lance slipping on one side, he missed his blow. However if he spared the child, it is certain he pierced the mother to the heart.—Fearing that he might be daunted by such a stroke, she called to him, Lewis, take courage; say, Jesus Maria. The child seemed not in the least dismayed, and neither gave a shriek or shed a tear, but waited patiently till the executioner, redoubling his blow, pierced him through. The Japonian crosses have a seat in the middle, for the sufferer to sit on: instead of nailing the body, they bind the hands and feet with cords, and place an iron ring about the neck; that done, the cross is raised aloft in the air and after a few minutes, the executioners, with sharp lances fit for the purpose, strike right at the heart through the left side. By this means, the sufferer dies almost in an instant in a deluge of his own blood.

There was now only remaining the ardent and beautiful Agnes, whom they reserved to the last; she knelt on the bank, and clasping her hands on her breast, blessed God aloud for permitting her to die on the wood of the cross, which Himself had sanctified by his precious death. She then made a sign for the officers to tie her; but not a man appraached her, all were so overwhelmed with grief.—She called to them again, and still they stood immoveable like statutes: she then extended herself in the best manner she could on the cross.—Some idolaters that were present, betwixt the hopes, of a reward and the menaces of the officers, stepped up and bound her fast, and then raised her aloft in the air. The spectators, seeing a person of her quality, so delicate and tender, ready to suffer for no other crime but that of being true and faithful to her God, could not hold from tears. Some wept most bitterly; others again covered their faces, and were not able to look up at such a spectacle, which was ready to tear their hearts to pieces.

In the mean while she fixed her eyes on heaven, and prayed without intermission, in expectation of the fatal blow; but not one offered to do her this favor, insomuch that the same persons that bound her, were forced to take up the executioners' lances, and do the office for them; but being quite inexperienced, they gave her blow upon blow before she was dead. The lady all the while fixed her eyes on the picture of Christ, upon which her husband had gazed so fondly before his death, and which she held in her hand. Many Christians forced their way through the crowd, and without regard to the soldiers' threats, dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood, and cut off small pieces of the robes.

In these affecting sacrifices is visible, without disguise, the heart of the sufferers, in its simple heroism, its exquisite tenderness, its imperishable faith. Was not this the torment of the furnace heated seven times hotter than before? they yielded their bodies, long nursed in softness and delicacy, because they would not serve nor worship any God save their own God. Was not this, strength perfected in weakness? victory given to the feebles of the flock. The strong man and the captain can bow himself down, and bare his neck to the sword, with a firm nerve: but *here*, in the long agony of these helpless women and the angel child, death seemed to stand and mock at his victims—at their love, their beauty, and their weakness—and struck not the body till he had torn the heart in pieces.

The subjection of the whole kingdom to one ruler, was a sore misfortune to the church; when a few years previous, Japan was governed by many princes, a refuge and a protector quickly sheltered the oppressed. The kings of Omura, Fucheo, and others would have led forth their forces under the banner of the cross, and fought to the last rather than see one martyr perish in their states. But the powerful as well as the weak were crushed by the regent who succeeded the emperor; no resistance was made, even by the bravest, which was the more remarkable, for the Japanese often throw away their lives on slight causes: suicide is frequent among them; and they bear arms from twelve years of age, and accustom themselves early to warlike exercises. Fond of a shew of bravery, they are very expensive in their arms; their scimetars and poniards are so finely tempered, as often to cut in two those of Europe without turning the edge: some of these are valued at two or three thousand ducats apiece. Even the burghers carry both a hanger and poniard.

Nothing can be richer than the array of the Japonian ladies: their hair hangs down behind their heads in plaits and curls, in which they wear little rings of pearls, curiously wrought. Their girdles are large, and richly embroidered with flowers of gold and silver, being esteemed one of the handsomest parts of their dress. "As in France," says the missionary, "we distinguish the ladies of quality by the length of their train,

so in Japan they are known by the number of their clothes: there are some who have on five, ten, and twenty dresses at once, which may seem incredible to such as are unacquainted with the nature of them: for they are so delicately fine and thin, that you may put several of them together in your pocket. The upper robe is most valued and made of fine cloth embroidered in many places with gold. They all universally carry a fan in their left hand, very neatly painted, and wrought with several figures of birds and flowers; besides, they wear a scarf about their neck which hangs down across their breasts. Their banquets are both handsome and noble; they leave their shoes at the dining-room door, for fear of soiling the mats and carpets: the Japan mode is to eat at little square tables, not above a foot and half high; each guest hath one of these to himself and changes it at every course; they use neither cloth nor napkin, for the tables are so very fine, that the best holland would not be fit to cover them, being made either of pine tree, or cedar, excellently painted, varnished, enamelled, and inlaid with gold. They serve up all sorts of fowl to table, dressed pyramidwise: the meat is powdered with gold, and garnished with little branches of cypress. Persons of quality have sometimes at their table whole birds, and fowl with their feet and beaks, gilt with gold; they eat neatly with two litle sticks, about a foot long, which are usually made of ivory cypress, or some odoriferous wood. They drink the most admire is tea.—All considerable persons lay in provisions of this herb, and hoard it up as a precious treasure. The masters make it themselves, and will not trust it to their servants' management; and though their tea-cups be only of wood, iron, or clay, they are valued for their antiquity and the reputation of the artist; it is not to be expressed what a capricious value they put on some of these vessels, made by some skilful and ancient hand. In the year 1586, the king of Fucheo showed Alexander Valignan a little earthen tea-cup that cost him 14,000 ducats: the latter saw also in Lacay, at a Christian gentleman's house, a tea-kettle, only for boiling tea-water, which cost 1400 crowns. The nuptials of the ladies of quality and wealth are very costly: when they go out, they are carried in palanquins, curiously painted without, and within lined with gold: their apartments are airy and pleasant: their gardens abound with all sort of fruits and flowers, and the ponds have plenty of fish and waterfowl.

The transition from these homes of retiring luxury to the exposure of an execution, was the extremest trial of woman: her private chambers were invaded, her pleasant places laid waste, by the vilest hands, and she was dragged forth to be a public spectacle. Home, that word of power, was never more to be uttered by her lips, or the lips of her loved ones; to *them* there remained no home: if her children and husband were not burned or crucified by her side, they

were driven forth houseless wanderers, all their possessions confiscated, and the roof where they had sat together given to strangers. Yet these noble women were not dismayed; to the last they were wonderfully supported, looking alone to that Lord for whom they died: the early martyrs of the Church evinced not more fortiude; not Thecla, Lucea, or Euphemia. In a heathen kingdom, remote from the seat of Christianity, their only helpers a few fathers outlawed like themselves. In the anpals of martyrdom in every age, it should seem that the strength of the Mighty and the consolation of the Comforter were peculiarly given to the weakest sufferers. Were not the proofs of this mercy afforded by the Redeemer, even on earth? early followed by faithful female disciples, what inexpressible beauty and condescension are there in all his expressions and demeanor towards them: his sublimest words were spoken to them—as well of Jacob in Samaria, where he first declared himself to be the Messiah—to the sister of Lazarus was uttered "the resurrection and the life,"—and the first to whom he shewed himself and spoke after his resurrection, was woman; "why weepest thou? Mary, touch me not go to my brethren."

In the year 1611, upwards of ten thousand persons were baptized throughout Japan; but in the following year, the emperor, an usurper of the crown of Faxiba the wood-cutter, who died absolute master of Japan, began to conceive a jealousy of the power of the king of Spain, who had now grown formidable in the East, having subdued Malacca, the Moluccos, and the Philippines, which are in a manner the frontiers of Japan. The Japanese imagined that he was carrying on practices underhand with the Christians, who were to join him on the first descent on the country. A Spanish pilot seeing so many of their ships wrecked on the coasts of Japan, had the rashness to sound the depths of many of the harbors at midday, which act was greatly aggravated at court. The emperors, more than half persuaded that the religious who had made such vast progress in the country had a design upon the crown, resolved to banish every man of them from his dominions. He expressly forbade his nobles to turn Christians, and seeing little regard paid to his orders, resolved, as a terror to others, to begin with his own family, several of whom he sent into banishment. The governors of the provinces, seeing the inexorable temper of the prince, commanded all under their obedience to return to the worship of the gods; a few complied, but the generality protested against it. The emperor, not content with banishing the lords of his court, determined to wreak his spite on the ladies also, and chose out three, Clara, Julia, and Lucy, who were of a more distinguished quality, and of whom he resolved to make examples—he shut them up in a chamber, where they were visited by his wives and the other ladies of the court, who did all that was possible to make

them forsake their religion, but in vain. Indignant at this obstinacy, he threatened them with the cruelest torments, upbraiding them with ingratitude for his kindness and favor. "There is another emperor," said Julia, "in heaven, whom I stand much more obliged to; it is he that redeemed me out of hell, even before I knew him, and from that I know him now, and have consecrated myself to his service, what ingratitude it would be to forsake him! My tongue shall never betray my heart." She was condemned to perpetual banishment in the island of Oxima, fifteen leagues from the main. From the shore where she embarked, she wrote the following letter to Batheus, provincial general:

"God hath been infinitely merciful unto me, in taking me out of the court after so many rude combats. I am banished to the isle of Oxima, where I am disposed to suffer all kinds of afflictions patiently and cheerfully. Don't be concerned, but remember me in your sacrifice and prayers, and write as often as you can. They call me on board—farewell."

After a stay of thirty days on this island, they removed her to an island called Cozuxima, where she met Clara and Lucy, who were banished on the same account. It is not to be expressed how they all rejoiced to meet again in this desert place, a hideous and rocky isle, where there were only seven or eight poor fishermen who lived in straw huts. Here she was at last left alone. Torn from her companions, alone in this dismal abode, the spirit of the girl seemed to gather strength from suffering; in another letter she says that "she esteemed herself rich upon that rock, and led a more pleasant life with God in that forlorn solitude. I imagine this rock to be Calvary, and prostrate myself before the cross, to beg pardon for my sins in a disposition of mind to die with our Lord. I also frame myself present at holy mass, and at every part of the sacrifice meditate something upon the passion, which replenishes my soul with an ocean of delights." Thinking she was to finish her days in that place, she requested the father to send her the lives of saints, and and an hour-glass to regulate her devotions, as also two lights, a little bell, and a picture.

A persecution now arose from a quarter least expected, even from the king of Arima, the grandson of the christian prince who was faithful to the end. He began by pulling down all the crosses in the high roads and ways and commanded his subjects, on pain of death or banishment, to renounce their religion. Very many families retired into the woods and forests; the prince believing this constancy arose from the priests of the Society, ordered them all out of the states. This prince soon after murdered, out of a jealous ambition, his two brothers; he did all in hispower to influence his courtiers against the faith, and caused many persons to be burnt alive. The fathers might well wonder at the mysterious dis-

pensations of Providence, that the grandson of their ancient protector should be their impious and cruel persecutor.

Eight persons were now condemned to the stake : their fate excited the sympathy of all.

The procession of forty thousand Christians, who accompanied these martyrs to their doom, was a strangely impressive sight. "I believe," writes one of the fathers, "there was never yet seen in the church a more ravishing spectacle, a more solemn procession. Gaspar having divided the army into several bodies, they marched six and six abreast, singing the litanies of our Lady and the saints ; great numbers carried lighted tapers in their hands and garlands on their heads ; the men who were to be burned were clad in white robes, and the women in their robes of ceremony."

In the year 1627 and 1628, the persecution grew hotter ; the victims were offered up in crowds, solitary executions no longer took place.— One scene of torment surpassed (perhaps only in appearance) all the others ; the imagination was vexed with hideous fancies long before the blow. Two leagues from Nangasaqui, there is a high mountain called Ungen, on whose summit are three or four lakes with boiling sulphureous waters, heated by subterraneous fires. These waters break out sometimes in wide openings of the earth, sending before them mountains of flame, called by the Japanese "the Mouths of Hell ;" and the waters, "the Infernal Waters." The waters of the lake smoke and boil as if they stood upon a hot fire, and make so hideous a noise that they may be compared with the lakes of brimstone and fire mentioned in the Apocalypse. The waters are so hot and searching, that the least drop penetrates to the bone. The martyrs spent a day and two nights in prayer, and set forward on Sunday morning, singing as they went. Being arrived at the foot of the mountain, they were put in coffins of reeds, and carried upon men's shoulders. At the top of the mountain there lives a man who earns his bread by shewing these gulfs : one of them exclaiming that their hour was come, and that the Father of mercy and the God of all comfort was present in their midst, exhorted the others to constancy ; they knelt down, and prayed. Then Paul, who was one of the principal gentlemen in Nangasaqui, having taken leave of his beloved wife Agatha, walked cheerfully to the side of the burning gulf ; he considered it well

The plate representing this strange martyrdom is full of unspeakable wo. The banks are precipitous ; the waters boil fearfully below, amidst clouds of smoke. Many are falling headlong, others are placed in open baskets, and let down by pulleys that they might die slowly ; crosses are on the brink above, from which the sufferers, while dying, can perfectly behold the last moments of their ingulfed companions.

This mode of execution soon became a favorite one among the Japan-

ese. It is surely grateful to turn from these things of fear, to a sceneof gentler and milder enthusiasm. In 1636, after a number of the most eminent fathers, the experienced and the aged, as well as the young and robust, had fallen, Francis Mastrillez arrived in the field, "whose life and death shewed how powerful St. Francis Xavier is with God, and what tenderness he expressed for his darling church of Japan." Marcellus, such was his baptismal name, which he afterwards exchanged for Francis, began his noviciate in the Society of Jesus at a very early age; being reduced to deaths door by a great sickness, he meditated intently on his prospects and on his patron saint, whom he had hoped to imitate; gazing on the picture of the latter, which hung on the opposite wall, he saw a man clad in white, with a cross at his breast and a pilgrim's staff in his hand, his countenance full of sweetness and majesty. The sick man, who had received the extreme unction, heard a voice saying, "Marcellus, Marcellus, would you rather die, or go to Japan?" in a low and faint voice he made a vow to go to Japan, should he be restored. From that time he began to recover, and a few months after he set forth. The noise of this miraculous interview had gone abroad; being on his journey, the king of Spain delayed him some days at his court, and discoursed with him for some hours in his cabinet on the late scene, which made both him and the queen weep for joy; they took from him all the pictures he had caused to be drawn of Xavier, in relation of the manner he appeared. When he landed after a hazardous voyage in Goa, he had like to have ended his days in a sudden transport of feeling at the sight of the remains of the apostle of the Indies. "I know not," he writes, "where I am. This tomb robs me of my heart; but Japan, at the same time, commands it back, and has carried the point." All the time he remained at Goa he passed day and night at the grave of his patron. "God commands me to leave you; Francis calls me—remember Marcellus whom you so tenderly loved." He brought presents of immense value for the shrine and laid out three thousand crowns of his own, to make it yet more rich and magnificent.

He arrived at Saxuma; his intention was to strike a brilliant coup de main; to seek the emperor, and preach the mysteries of the faith. He took his way overland, but still in sight of his companions, who coasted along the shore in their boat; the latter was taken by some soldiers, and the men were obliged to confess they had brought over a priest.—Mastrillez had retired, in the dark, to a wood, where he most imprudently kindled a fire, which betrayed him; he was seized and carried into Nangasaqui, where he was put to exceeding tortures. At last, after many days, being brought forth, he fell on his knees at the place where he was to suffer; it was surely bitter to die thus, before he had done anything for the cause—no toils, no conver-

sions—perhaps he felt this when he fell on his knees, and cried out, "My father, O my father, St. Francis Xavier."

On the death of the emperor, there was a pause of the persecution; again it was resumed, although less fiercely. At the close of the year 1658, the whole aspect of the Church was disastrous and ruinous, and the Jesuits saw that their exultation was short-lived. A hundred years were passed since the preaching of Xavier; had he beheld in vision what was to befall his beloved vineyard; even the shore of Sancian would have been mild and gentle, to his exquisite sorrow. The Jesuits observed that it was an inscrutable judgment of Providence to permit this beautiful and flourishing Church to be thus destroyed, also the blood of so many martyrs to be shed without any future advantage to the people, and that religion would surely flourish again, and extend its branches over the whole country. Such a result never came to pass: yet in one respect the persecution was not useless; perhaps it was beneficial, inasmuch as it convinced the world of the sincerity of the Japanese Christians—a belief that was coldly given to their Chinese neighbors, who were not exposed to so severe a test, and who would never have sustained it with equal fortitude. The persecutions in China were light in comparison with those in Japan; that timid and fickle people would have recoiled in affright at the many thrilling forms of the king of terrors. "China," says the Jesuit with the voice of prediction, "now opens her ports to merchants and missionaries, as well as seculars, who crowd in to labor in our Lord's vineyard, upon the credit and interest which the fathers of the Society have at present with the court. God grant the spirit of heresy may not render them suspected to the ministers of state; as also that envy and jealousy may not arise amongst the preachers; for should this happen, the people, who are naturally quick and clear sighted, will undoubtedly reflect on our principles. Faith that is not animated with charity will grow weak and feeble, and the Devil will glory to have ruined the empire of Jesus Christ in China, by those same instruments that went over to establish it." Nearly three hundred years are elapsed since Ricci introduced Christianity in this empire, in whose vast extent a few thousand Christians only are now to be found. But the morning begins to break, and the shadows to flee away. But while men's hopes are directed anxiously to this interesting portion of the earth, why should Japan be forgotten? are not the people more generous, brave, and constant than the Chinese? The wars of her princes are full of bold ambition, and talent wherewith to sustain it: the episode of the three ambassadors proves that their nobles were fitted to adorn and be admired, as well in the courts of Europe as in those of Japan. Let not the catalogue of her martyrs, which like a burning roll is yet beautifully visible through time and ruin, be forgotten among men. In the words of Al-

meida, "How long, O Lord, how long? the people shall not always rage at thy coming, why do thy chariot wheels delay?"

The burning mountain already alluded to, 12,000 feet in height, has since ceased its eruptions, but its pilgrimage still continues. It is held in the highest regard by the Chinese, even like Ararat among the Armenians, and is continually represented in the paintings of their artists, and in the verses and fictions of their poets and romantic writers; in its scenery the beautiful and terrible are strangely blended. The roads in this region, leading to Jeddo, are hilly and difficult; but the way is beguiled by frequent resting places, from which young women, as agreeable as they are comely, come forth to offer tea and and other refreshments, and invite the passenger to rest awhile.

The great city of Jeddo is five leagues in diameter, and the broad streets are filled by day with a vast population. Here the fathers had a chapel, and an agreeable residence and society, as well as some literary resources; there was an imperial library in the palace, which is a "building of elaborate and beautiful construction, and has a general air of grandeur, in comparison with other buildings; the proportions of the doors are colossal, and the gilding and carving in the apartments rich, yet simple." The shops of earthen and beautiful lacquered ware, of poultry and game, and the tea-houses, are less numerous than in Meaco, which is the great commercial city of the empire; but the luxuries and amusements of life equally abound. The theatre is a favorite resort among this sprightly and social people; the Japanese ladies, notwithstanding the extreme jealousy of their husbands, far from being under any restraint in so public a place, attend in their richest dresses, and are even so fastidious as to change them several times during the performance, and for this purpose servants attend with the choicest part of their wardrobe. In the dwellings of some of the rich and great there is a large hall expressly for the exhibition of comedies, which are often in music. Poultry and game, with all kinds of which the country abounds, are, with fish and vegetables, the chief luxuries of the people, who all have an aversion to butcher's meat; at the repasts of the nobles, the birds are often served up with their feet and beaks gilt, on tables of pine and cedar beautifully painted, enamelled, and inlaid with gold: yet diamonds are of less value in their eyes than old tea-pots. A Jesuit one day asked a person of quality, why they gave such an extravagant price for such things? and why, said the nobleman, do your merchants bid so dear for our rubies and emeralds? you are far more prodigal; for those stones only serve to please the eye, and require much pain and trouble to preserve them; whereas our pots, tripods, kettles, and cups help to make a drink which preserves our lives, and prevents all sorts of distempers, chiefly if it be made and taken in old vessels, that

have, as I may say, imbibed their virtue. In Jeddo, as in the other cities, education is extended in public schools to all classes; and in no country in the world, perhaps, is the art of writing so universally diffused, which explains the rapidity with which circulation was given to the translations of Xavier. In their desire of improvement, in their accomplishments and tastes, the Japanese have greatly the preeminence over the Turks, and are nearly on a par with the Persians; their women, in spirit, beauty, liberty, and cultivation of mind are superior to those of all other Oriental nations.

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FOR THE EXPOSITOR.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

Come with me to the Cross, and see
Thy Saviour in his agony,
And own, O man! how deep thy guilt must be.

Th' eternal Son, to whom was given
The Sov'reignty of Earth and Heaven,
Is from the presence of his Father driven.

In mortal form his godhead veiled,
Is by blaspheming tongues assailed,
And on the tree a malefactor nailed!

And lo! from hands, and feet, and side,
Is poured the deep empurpled tide,
'Till justice stern is fully satisfied!

Who tore him from his throne on high,
And clothed him with infirmity,
And unto want condemned, and obloquy?

Who pressed the thorns upon his brow?
And ah! who did with anguish bow
The soul of yearning love?—O man, 'twas thou!

Then lowly kneel the Cross before,
And at the feet of Mercy pour
The tribute of thy tears;—and Saving Love adore!

# THE CONSECRATION.

On Sunday, the 10th of March, the three new Bishops, Right Rev. Drs. Byrne, Quarter, and M'Closkey—the first for Little Rock, the second for Chicago, and the third as Coadjutor for the See of New York, were consecrated at St. Patrick's Cathedral, by the Right Rev. Dr. Hughes, assisted by Bishops Fenwick, of Boston, and Whelan, of Richmond. The Consecration Sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Dr. Power, which we have the pleasure of presenting our readers in full.

*Going therefore teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.*---St. Math. xxviii. xix: xx.

The traveller, whose happiness in this life lies at the termination of a long journey, is filled with delight at knowing that the road which he has to take is safe and easy. We, my brethren, are in the condition of this traveller—born for Heaven, to which we are conducted by the religion of the true God, we are filled with delight by the conviction that the religion of Jesus Christ, which we profess, is characterized by all the attributes of truth. It was foretold by the prophets, it was accompanied by miracles, and propagated in the world contrary to the ordinary rules by which the human mind is governed. All this flashes conviction on our minds, and fills us with joy ineffable.

Christ came from the bosom of his eternal Father, to point out to man and to open to him the way to everlasting life. This path is the religion which he himself revealed and established on earth. This religion embraces the dogmas we are to believe, the sacraments we are to receive, and the morality we are to practice. This religion is for all people and for all ages. This religion is to be propagated from "Judea, to the uttermost parts of the earth." This religion is to last to the end of time. Such, my brethren, is the mighty plan of the divine founder of our religion. In order to carry out this plan and to secure its sucess, he establishes a visible, living and speaking tribunal as its guardian and depository. This tribunal he clothes with infallibility in its teaching, by placing it under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit. "Go, said he, and teach all nations, &c., and lo, I am with you, all days, even to the end of the world." These words, my brethren, are full of meaning. In them, we discover the establishment of a ministry to announce his doctrine

to the whole world. In them we discover an authority in itself infallible—an authority which is to last till the end of time.

The church, of Christ then, is a well organised society, consisting of rulers and subjects. This sacred and holy society, though spread throughout the whole world, is to be known, to use the language of the Scriptures as *one* kingdom, *one* family, *one* house, *one* body ; in other words, the Church of Christ is *one*, as there is but "*one* God, *one* faith, *one* Baptism." Now, if the rulers of this church were to elect themselves, or if they were elected by the people, it is obvious that this unity could not be preserved. In this event, the church would be torn by various schisms, and there would be as many conflicting societies as there are passions in the human heart. The authority, then, of this Church, that is, the power to preach the word, to administer sacraments, and to regulate divine worship ; must reside in the body of the Pastors, so that from the Apostles to the Pastors, who are to struggle with Anti-Christ, they alone are to be considered true Pastors, who derive their authority from those who have lawfully received it themselves. This is a Catholic truth, and accordingly we find the ancient Fathers urging a want of mission against the innovators of their days. "Who are ye ? whence came ye ? you are not in the Church, you have no authority to teach." The Council of Trent has also defined this article. In the XXIII Session, Canon VII, the Council declares that they alone are true Pastors, who are ordained and sent by ecclesiastical authority, and hurls its anathema against those who hold the contrary doctrine. The unity of the Church also requires, that in the body of the Pastors there should be a governing and ruling power, to regulate them in the discharge of their functions, and to keep the refactory within the strict line of their duties. In the Gospel, we find that Christ chose seventy-two disciples, whom he subjected to the Apostles. The disciples represent the priests. In the Apostles we discover the order of Bishops, and from the Apostles we find that he chose one to govern the rest. "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Here we see the beautiful symetry of the mystical body of Christ; we see the people subject to the Priests; the Priests subject to their Bishops, and the Bishops subject to the Pope.—This is the beautiful bond of unity, and whoever disturbs this unity, excorporates himself from this society, and deprives himself of all the privileges conferred on it by its divine founder. In the Church, then, authority is the governing principle.—Submission to this authority, is not a slavish and blind obedience, seeing that it is just and necessary—this authority cannot be disputed, because it comes from above—this authority closes the door to anarchy and confusion. Here, then, my brethren, is a view of the Christian Church, as established by Christ himself. You

will now naturally ask, is this a scriptural view, or in other words, does this view accord with the sacred writings. We say that it does, and we are prepared to prove it.

First, a word concerning the Pope, of whom you hear so much now a days. The Catholic believes that the Pope is the successor of St. Peter, the visible head of the Church, the common father of all Christians. The Catholic believes, that to the Pope, in the person of St. Peter, Christ has given the power to govern the Universal Church. This, my brethren, is the language of the Council of FLORENCE, that decreed the reunion of the Greek with the Latin Church. These titles of honor and jurisdiction have been given to the Pope, one thousand years before the Council of FLORENCE, by two general Councils. The Council of CHALCEDON, held in the year 451, called him their Father, and themselves his children, and begged that he would confirm their decision by his authority. Twenty years before the Council of CHALCEDON, the Fathers of the Council of EPHESUS said, "no one denies that Peter lives in his successor." If we ascend three hundred years higher, we shall hear the famous *Iræneus*, Bishop of Lyons, asserting that to this church, that is, to Rome, all Christians must adhere, on account of its chief headship. Let no one say that Peter does not live in his successors. Let no one say that the ministry of Peter died with Peter. This ministry is the foundation of the everlasting Church, and must exist as long as the edifice itself. This is the language of Christian antiquity; this is the language of the Fathers; this is the language of the general councils; this is the language of the whole Christian world. In a word, my brethren, every light that leads to Christianity, brings us to the belief of the supremacy of the Pope, the Bishop of Rome.

In the picture of the Christian Church which I have sketched, the prominent features are its visibility, its unity, its sanctity, and its apostolicity. The visibility of the Church is found in these words of Christ: "You," said he to his Apostles, "are the light of the world." A city built on a mountain, cannot be concealed; but the Church is built on the Apostles; and if the foundation be thus visible, the superstructure must necessarily be so. Again, the order of judgement established by Christ in the Church, proves its visibility. "If thy brother sin against thee," says Christ, "correct him between himself and thyself; and if he will not hear thee, call in another, or even two; and if he will not hear these, tell it to the Church, and if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." Here it is evident, that the tribunal to which the litigating parties are referred, must be visible. To deny the visibility of the Church, would, to use the words of Melancthon, open the door to wild disorder and confusion.

The next feature is unity. This unity we discover in the words of our Saviour to Peter,—"Thou art Peter,

and on this *rock* I will build my *Church*, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The Apostle St. Paul says, Christ "loved his *Church*—Christ died for his *Church*—Christ sanctified his *Church*." Here the Apostle does not say that Christ loved, died for, and sanctified his *Churches*. Do not imagine that I take a pedantic advantage of the words of the Apostle. No; I am taught this theology by St. Paul himself. To prove to the Galatians that no other Christ was to be expected beside Jesus of Nazareth, the Apostle tells them that the words of the promise were to Abraham and to his *seed*—not to his *seeds*, says St. Paul. If, then, the Apostle argues for the *unity* of Christ, by finding the words of the promise in the singular number, why am I not authorised to argue for the unity of the Church of Christ, when I find the words of the Apostle in the singular, not in the plural number? Christ loved his *Church*—Christ died for his *Church*—Christ sanctified his *Church*—not his *Churches*.

In the 10th Chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, the parable of the sheep-fold, Christ says distinctly, that he came to establish but one fold. Here, then, my brethren, we see the unity of the Christian Church clearly revealed. This unity tells us that the Church of Christ must not be separated from any previously exisiting Christian society; and that all her members must be bound together by one common bond of doctrine and discipline. To find this unity in any Christian society, we must naturally look for a principle conservative of it. Look around you, and you will see, with *one* exception only, all Christian societies exhibiting the sanguinary wounds of schism; whilst we behold one society, and only *one* society, standing from the days of Christ and the Apostles, in spiritual supremacy and unity. The reason is, this society holds principles conservative of unity. This society holds that she herself is the pillar and ground of truth; terms by no means compatible with instability or change. Whatever Christ has revealed, and his Apostles taught, is the sum and substance of her belief. She does not look on Christianity as an improveable or disputable system of philosophy. To these principles she makes her children adhere; and it is their adherence to this principle that unites them to the Church, subsisting through all ages, and teaching all nations the truths revealed to her by the Son of God. What, on the other hand, do we discover but eternal discord in matters of religion? it cannot be otherwise. Their practical principle is distructive of unity. Whatever advantages we may attach to the possession of the Holy Bible, and these advantages are great when under judicious rule, it is as evident as the sun at meridian, that without a living, speaking, and infallible tribunal, from whose decisions in matters of faith there can be no appeal, that unity which is so beautiful a feature of the spouse of our Redeemer, could never be preserved.

Open ecclesiastical history, and it will tell you that there was never an attempt made by designing men to disturb the peace of the Church, without an effort to justify it by an appeal to the Holy Scriptures. The Arian and the Socinian: the Lutheran and the Calvanist: the Church of Englandman and the Anabaptist, all equally appeal to the sacred volume, but certainly not with equal right. Here the enquirer after truth sees a dreadful conflict of opinion. He is perplexed—and should he inquire of me to rescue him from his perplexity, I would say that the Church of Christ is essentially *one*, that in order to find this unity in any society claiming to be the Church of Christ, he must find a principle conservative of this unity, I would tell him to ask the above named societies for their principle in the interpretation of the sacred volume. They will tell him that the Bible, intrepreted by every man's private judgment, is their charter. I would then ask him if his own common sense could tell him that unity of doctrine and discipline would be maintained by this principle? his common sense will tell him that it could not. He will then abandon these societies, seeing that they cannot be the Church of Christ; she being essentially *one*. The most illiterate man will see the force of this argument, and his ignorance will answer, instead of books and learned disquisitions. It will tell him that that is not, nor cannot be the Church of Christ, which makes him ignorant as he is a judge of controversies of faith, and which launches him on the immense ocean of revelation, without star or compass to steer by.

Christ, foreseeing that the bulk of mankind must be taught by authority, established his Church as the depository and interpreter of the truths, which he in his mercy revealed to the world. To her it belongs to give us the sacred Scriptures, and to interpret their meaning. It would be a libel on the wisdom of Christ, to suppose for one moment, that he would allow all the parts of the beautiful edifice of Revelation to be arranged according as the ignorance, and whim, and caprice of each individual would dictate. Take away the authority of the Church, and in vain will you expect to find unity of doctrine. Destroy this unity of doctrine, and you destroy religion itself. When the people of the same town or city are told in the morning that Christ made atonement for our sins, and when in the evening they are told that he made no such atonement: when in the morning they are told that he is really present in the Eucharist, and in the evening they are told that he is not present in the Eucharist, must not this destroy their respect for religion and its teachers? This is the result of the Protestant principle of private interpretation; and when in view of this, they are told to interpret the Scriptures for themselves, we say they are not honestly dealt by. We know that they are incapable of entering on the disquisitions of the learned: we know that they are unacquinted

with the original languages; we know that they are not Rabinical scholars; we know that they are not versed in sacred and profane history; we know that they are not good theologians, nor judicous critics;—and knowing this, we say that it is as absurd to to tell them to interpret the Scriptures for themselves, as it would be to set them about calculating an eclipse. Take away this principle of unity, and in vain may we look for humility of understanding in the Church of Christ. In this case, every canting fanatic would consider himself as good an expounder of the Scriptures as all the Fathers and Councils that ever existed. And when the sacred word is thus wrested from the hand of the lawful Pastors—when they are no longer considered as living tabernacles containing the law and the prophets, the Church must degenerate into a Babel of confusion. This authority is infallible—this infallibility is denied by all Protestants. Now mark the consequence of this denial. The Church that says she is not infallible, cannot be the Church spoken of by St. Paul. The Church that says she is not infallible, may give you for Scripture what is not Scripture, and for the meaning of Scripture what is not its meaning.

But this Church cannot be the Church of Christ spoken of by St. Paul, which he calls "the pillar and the ground of truth." This Church may be the pillar and the ground of error. Do not imagine that this is the language of carricature. No;—the consequence is direct and evident—and God, who knows my sincerity, knows how far I am from wishing to deceive any one in so important a matter.

The next feature in the picture of the Church which I have drawn, is her SANCTITY. This is twofold, to wit: *internal* and *external*. The internal sanctity of the Church consists in the number of saints which she possesses. But as this is known to God alone, it cannot be assumed as a mark of a visible Church. The external sanctity of the Church requires that she be holy in her head and founders, and also in her doctrine and discipline.

It would be a libel on the sanctity of Christ, to suppose that he would choose as the founders of his Church, men whose conduct would be a scandal, not alone to religion, but also to human nature. Whereas, on the other hand, it must be admitted that God, in his providence, permits bad men to exercise the functions of a ministry already established. This we are taught by Christ himself, who told the Jews to obey the Scribes and Pharisees, because they sat in the chair of Moses. This is sufficient to silence those who say that the Church of Rome is not the Holy Church of Christ, because some of her Popes and Bishops disgraced their Holy calling by the irregularity of their lives, forgetting that they were only the unworthy ministers of a Holy religion, revealed by a Holy God, and preached by his Holy Apostles. But when I see this Holy reli-

gion assailed by a German friar in a strain of coarse declamation and rancorous invective, such as was never heard before nor since; when I see this audacious innovator, without miracles or a mission, and in defiance of the constituted authority, introducing a change in the world as great as that brought about by Moses or by Christ. When I see him introducing many of the ancient heresies, and rejecting and admitting whatever he pleased in religion; when I see this farrago of ancient heresies blended with newly fangled doctrines, and when I hear this boasted of as a reformation of religion, I then take my stand and defy its adherents to show me sanctity in its head and founders. But when, on the other hand, I reflect on the founders of my own Church—when I reflect on the sanctity of her doctrine, and on the various means she employs to bring man to holiness—and when, after this, I travel into what is called the Reformation, I feel the transition indeed. The founders of the so called Reformation were LUTHER and CALVIN, and whoever will say that they were holy, knows not what sin is. For the history of their lives, I refer you to the variations of the Protestants, by the famous BOSSUET. But let me take a glance at some of their leading doctrines. Does it corespond with holiness to teach that God is the author of sin? Yet this is the lesson of LUTHER, in his book *De Servo Arbitrio*. This same lesson CALVIN taught in xviii chapter of the first book of his Institutes. Will it bring man to sanctity to tell him that Christ did not die for all men? In view of this doctrine the sinner may say — how, then, do I know that he died for me, and he sinks into despair. Will it lead the sinner to sanctity to tell him that man never resists, nor cannot resist the grace of God? In view of this, the sinner may say—grace has not visited me yet, and I will continue to sin until it comes, for when it does come I can sin no longer.

Will it bring man to sanctity to tell him, that even by the just themselves the commandments of God cannot be observed. Such, my brethren, are a few of the lessons which have been preached to the world by the founders of the Reformation; and good God! could it be imagined that Christian teachers would utter such blasphemies? Let no man say that this language is too severe. Say that it is too severe, when you know that Protestants are taught to couple together the apostacies of *Rome* and of *Mahomet*? Say that it is too severe, when you know that they are taught to look upon the creed of the Catholic as a system of fraud, deceit and deception, revolting to the natural reason of thinking man? Say that it is too severe, when you know that English literature is essentially anti-Catholic in all its departments? Say that it is too severe, when even in a common definer, the word Anti-Christ is thus defined—"Anti-Christ, one who opposes Christ—the *Pope*." Say that it is too severe, when in every romance you will find a ruffian

Monk with a reeking dagger and poisoned bowl? Say that it is too severe, when the tourist, the novelist and the historian all speak of the Papal superstition, and foretell its speedy downfall? When we, my brethren, are thus assailed, it is time for us to speak out. We must glory in the sanctity of our Church—we must boast of the antiquity of our Church —we must glory in the indefectibility of our Church—seeing that she is founded by Christ on a rock, against whose broad base the surge of error's gulf will forever fret and foam in vain.

The next feature is the Catholicity of the Church. The word Catholic, means universal, and the universality of the Church of Christ we find in these words, "Go teach all nations." Again, "You shall be witnesses of me in Jerusalem, in Judea, in Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth." When the Catholic looks to the East and to the West, to the North and to the South, he sees his religion every where. He sees *one* single indivisible blaze of Christian light pervading the entire heaven of human intelligence, and he says in the rapture of his soul:

"Far as the breeze can bear, and billows foam,
Survey our empire."

I may be told that the others are also numerous. Yes they are; but recollect that they are divided and sub-divided among themselves, and that neither individually nor collectively can they be compared to this immense mountain which fills the whole earth, and whose shadow, like that of the giant, covers ten thousand pigmies. It was this Catholicity that helped to keep the great St. Augustine in the Church. The name Catholic, says he, keeps me in the Church. The Apostles gave the Church two names: they called her Holy, and they called her Catholic. Hence, this name must be inseparable from the Church of Christ. If the name be inseparable from the Church, it clearly follows, that where the name is, there is also the Church. Now where is this name to be found? I shall answer in the words of St. Augustine to the Donatists: "If a stranger coming into Carthage, where you have houses of worship, were to ask for the Catholic Church, would you deal fairly by him by pointing to your own conventicles?" We, my brethren, have the name, and with it we have the Church; and this name we shall perpetuate—and the consecration of Bishops, which we have now witnessed, tends to this perpetuity.

The other feature which I shall notice, is the Apostolicity of the Church. Your own sense will tell you, that they only can found the Church who have been commissioned by Christ to do so. But this commission was given only to the Apostles and to their lawful successors. To them only has Christ said "Go teach all nations." This Apostolicity requires that in the Church there should be a regular and uninterrupted series of validly and duly commissioned Pastors. Whoever, in the Old Law, presumed to exercise the

functions of the Ministry, without being duly commissioned, was severely punished by the Almighty, as we know from the instances of CORA DATHAN, and ABIRON, and of the impious King Hosias. That this economy has been transferred to the New Law, we know from St. Paul. Writing to the Hebrews, the Apostle says: "Let no man take unto himself this honor unless he be called by God, as Aaron was." And our Saviour, in the parable of the sheep-fold, says: "That he alone is the true pastor who enters by the *door*." He then says, "I am the door." Therefore, the true Pastor must be appointed by Christ. But Christ died over eighteen hundred years ago, and his Church is to last forever. How, then, can the ministers of the Church enter through Christ, the door? After the death of Christ, they entered through Christ by the Apostles, with whom Christ identified himself, saying, "As the living Father sent me, so I send you;" and since the death of the Apostles, they enter through Christ and through the Apostles by their lawful successors. Christ having said, "Lo, I am with you all days, even unto the end of the world," —from which words, if they have any meaning at all, we infer that the Apostles will live in their successors to the end of the world. The true Pastors, then, in the Church, must have Apostolic mission or authority. They must also have valid ordination. The Apostles ordained deacons. St. Paul ordained Timothy, and St. Paul himself, though specially chosen by Christ, did not enter on the functions of the ministry without ordination. We read in the Acts of the Apostles, that *hands* were imposed upon Paul and Barnabas, and that then they were sent. For what is meant by the imposition of hands, we can have no better authority than that of St. Jerome, who tells us, that by the imposition of hands is meant the ordaining of clerks, which, says the Saint, is done "by the prayer of the voice, and the imposition of hands." Now, no Christian society can show this regular and uninterrupted succession of duly ordained and regularly commissioned Pastors, but the Catholic Church *alone*. This is literally true of these societies who reject ordination altogether. It is also true of these societies who hold the necessity of ordination. For no Protestant society can, in the first place, prove satisfactorily the validity of its ordination; and even if they could, they can never show a lawful mission without asserting an absurdity, which is this, that the Church would give them a mission to preach against herself. Take for instance the ordination in the ANGLICAN CHURCH. We object to the validity of this ordination on good grounds. First, PARKER was consecrated by BARLOW and others, who were not Bishops themselves. Secondly, he was consecrated according to the ordinal of EDWARD the VI, which was renewed by Queen ELIZABETH, and which, in the form of Episcopal consecration, is *essentially* defective. The form is this; "Take the Holy Ghost,

and do not fail to stir up the grace which you have received by the imposition of our hands." Now this form evidently conveys no *fresh* powers, and may be applied by the Bishop to one confirmed. If such words were addressed by our Bishop to a man after his confirmation, is there any one here who would say that such a one rose up a Bishop? Such was the ordination which Bishop WHITE brought to "this country."

Let us now look to their mission. Mission is ordinary or extraordinary. The ordinary mission is that which comes through those who have been duly commissioned themselves. The extraordinary is that which is given directly by a special manifestation from God. The first Reformers laid claim to an extraordinary mission; but this they could not prove. The Anglicans lay claim to an ordinary mission, but upon many flimsy pretences.

How can the Anglican Church say that she possesses Apostolical misssion, when in one of her homilies she asserts that the whole world was buried in damnable idolatry for eight hundred years and upwards? In view of this, could she say with consistency, that she was in possession of the privileges of the Church of Christ? or that the Church, buried in idolatry, could have from Christ a power to authorise her ministers to go and preach this idolatry? Again —the Anglican Church has evidently abandoned the source of Apostolic mission, in the oath of supremacy in which the Bishops swear that they receive their power in spirituals from the temporal power.

You, Right Reverend and respected Fathers, are now rulers in that Church which has the stem of succession—the ever vivifying juice of Christianity. Your commission is a *high one;* it comes from above. It comes from Him who said, "as the living Father sent me, so I send you." And this commission is transmitted to you in the same way, and through the same channel by which it reached the Chrysostoms, the Ambroses, the Cyprians, and the Augustins.

Suffice it here to say, that it is an undoubted fact, that wherever the Apostles planted Churches, they ordained Bishops and Priests to instruct the people, and to administer the sacraments. It is also a fact, that when one of those died, another was put in his place. And thus has been preserved that golden chain which binds Heaven to Earth, and which reaches us unbroken through the long lapse of eighteen hundred years.

Suffer, now, Right Reverend and Dear Fathers, the word of exhortation from him who is well acquainted with your merits and virtues. With one of these newly consecrated Bishops, I have been acquainted from boyhood. I have seen the youthful bud of genius unfold itself. I have seen it blown into full expansion, and you now see it beautifying the house of the Lord. Right Rev. Dr. MCCLOSKEY, it must be gratifying to you to know, that if your fellow laborers in the vineyard had the choice of a coadjutor for this diocess, their

choice would have fallen on you.

With another of these Bishops I have been for many years in close connection; and I am happy to be able to say, before this immense and respectable audience, that our union was one of respect, of confidence, and of love. The first jurisdiction he ever exercised, has been received from myself; and that the talent was not wrapped up in a napkin, his labors in this city, and the order, the regularity, and the piety of St. Mary's congregation, will sufficiently testify. To the other Prelate I have been many years ago introduced, by one upon whose tomb genius now weeps, and whose early doom the American Church deeply laments: for he was a bright light, and a masterly teacher of truth. The late illustrious Bishop of Charleston, the Right Rev. Dr. England. By him was Mr. Byrne introduced to me, in terms which his own presence now forbids me to mention; and indeed it is too little for me to say, on this occasion, that time has confirmed my respect and esteem for him.

It would appear superfluous in me, Right Reverend Fathers, with such reminiscences, to say to you a word concerning the discharge of your onerous duties. Yet, as my position here, this day, gives me a right to do so, allow me to call, most respectfully, your attention to the words of St. Paul to Titus. "For a Bishop," says the Apostle, "must be without crime; as the steward of God given to hospitality—gentle, sober, just, holy, continent—embracing that faithful word, which is according to doctrine, that he may be able to exhort in sound doctrine, and to convince the gainsayers. In all things, show thyself an example of good works in doctrine, in integrity, in gravity, the sound word that cannot be blamed, that he who is on the contrary part may be afraid, having no evil to say of us." St. Paul to Titus, ch. 1, vv. 7, 8, 9, and ch. 2, ver. 7, 8. To these words, permit me to add the words of the revered A. Kempis, which I address to each of you:—"Vigila super teipsum enterroga teipsum, admone teipsum, et quiequid sit de aliis, non negligas teipsum."

To conclude this discourse, which is rather too arduous an undertaking for my present state of health, you will bear in mind that I have shown, and I trust satisfactorily, that the Roman Catholic Church has all the marks of the Church of Christ. You will also recollect, that I have shown that no other Christian society can claim them; the conclusion you can draw yourselves. What I have said, must, I think, strengthen your attachment to your Church. The establishment of this Church is the master-piece of Omnipotence. It is here, my brethren, that the Almighty has unbared his Omnipotent arm, and put forth all his strength. Here centres every line in the great circle of his Providence. All events, whether malignant or benign, have contributed to the advancement of our Holy Religion. Saints have illustrated it with their lives; martyrs have cemented

it with their blood; tyrants have purified it by their persecutions; hypocrites have added to its strength by their dissimulation, and the attacks it has received from the malice of mankind, have brought forth those immortal defences which establish its divine origin on the basis of demonstration. "Oh Church of Rome," says the great St. Chrysostom, "thou centre of all other Churches, I revere thee—not on account of thy splendid palaces, not on account of thy graceful columns, not on account of thy ancient obelisks—but on account of the pillars of faith which you possess." "Oh Church of Rome," exclaims St. JEROME, "I adhere to thee with filial affection. Here at Antioch—I am asked if I belong to Paulinus, or to Vitalis, or the other—my answer is, I know them not; but if either be with Rome, he is mine. "Si quis Cathedræ tu adheret meus est. To *Pope Damasus:* Thy Church, O Holy Father, is the true Ark, and whoever is not in it will perish." Let us, my brethren, think as these great men have thought. Let us act as they have acted. Let us cleave to this Church as to our Mother. If so, her divine founder will acknowledge us as his children in the kingdom of his glory. A blessing, &c.

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In the evening, at 7 o'clock, solemn vespers were sung by the Right Rev. Bishop QUARTER; and a discourse, the substance of which is here given, was delivered by the Rev. DR. PISE. The Rev. orator took his text from the first Epistle to the Corinthians, chap. xii., verses 18, 19, 25, and 27:

*But now God hath set the members, every one of them, in the body, as it hath pleased him, and if they were all one member, where would be the body? that there might be no schism in the body, but the members might be mutually careful of one another. Now you are the body of Christ.*

HE began by remarking, that the magnificent variety of the members of the Catholic Church, as described by St. Paul, could not be more strikingly presented to our view, than on the present occasion. Those antique mitres and croziers, emblems of Episcopal authority and pastoral solicitude, carry us back to ages far remote; whilst the dignity and office themselves come down from the apostolic times. In the Right Rev. Prelates, he contemplated the great chain of hierarchical succession: a chain connecting the present with the past—this age with the era of the Apostles—the Sees of New-York, Chicago, Little Rock, with those of Jerusalem, Antioch, Rome—and the Church of this our vast continent, undiscovered and unknown in the days of Christ, with the centre of unity, the chair of Peter, his vicar and visible representative on earth. This, therefore, was a spectacle fraught with infinite importance; not merely to this Diocess, this country, this age, but to the universal Church of Christ, and to all future generations. For, by the consecration of three new Bishops, three new links were appended to that wonderful concatenation, by which the hierarchy of the Church, and uniformity of Catho-

lic faith have been handed down to our times.

The Church, he contended, was established on the basis of a hierarchy. Its divine founder, in order to perfect his work, which was the conversion of the world by the preaching of the gospel, associated to himself twelve Apostles, whom, by a familiar intercourse and intimate relation with his own sacred person, he constituted witnesses of his life, doctrines, and resurrection; declaring, as we find in the gospel of St. John: *Ye shall be witnesses of me, because ye were with me from the beginning**. These he sent to preach, and discharge, after his resurrection, that office which he had received from the Father: *As my Father hath sent me, so also do I send you.*† That office, which by his own authority he exercised, *going about through towns and villages,*‡ devolved on them, as his ministers, by a *delegated* authority—that they might continue what he had begun. For, though no longer present with them in person, he could not cease to be with the Church in his ministers, according to his promise: *I am with you all days*, &c. These first ministers were the Apostles—the first Bishops, to whom he gave the power of perpetuating their succession down to the end of time.

This (he argued) was the doctrine of all the fathers of the primitive church. St. Cyprian wrote to Pope Cornelius in the following terms: "This is, and should ever be, our sedulous care, to preserve the unity delivered by the Apostles to us, *their successors.**" And again: Christ says to the Apostles, and through them to all the Prelates, *who succeeded the Apostles by a vicarious ordination*, he who heareth you, heareth me, &c.† "And the great St. Augustin thus beautifully comments on the words of the 44th Psalm: *In the place of fathers, children are born unto thee:* the *Fathers* were the Apostles. In place of the Apostles, children are born who are the constituted Bishops. Whence have the bishops sprung who are now all over the world? The Church styles them *Fathers*, and places them among the *seats of the Fathers.* Do not deem thyself abandoned therefore, (he apostrophises the Church,) if thou seest not Peter, or Paul, or those of whom thou wast born; *for, in the place of Fathers, children are born unto thee.*"‡

To all the power, the Orator continued, which the Apostles possessd, *as Bishops*, in the Government of the Church, the Prelates have succeeded.

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* John xv. 27. † John, ch. 20.
‡ Mat., ch. 9.

*Ad hoc vel maxime, Frater, laboramus et laborare debemus, ut unitatem a Domino et per apostolos nobis successoribus traditam, quantum possumus, obtinere curemus.—(Ep. 69.)

† Christus dicit ad Apostolos, ac per hos ad omnes Præpositos *qui Apostolis vicaria ordinatione succedunt: Qui vos audit me audit*, &c. (Ep. 69.)

‡ Patres missi sunt Apostoli, pro Apostolis filii nati sunt tibi, *constituti sunt Episcopi.* Hodie enim *Episcopi*, qui sunt per totum mundum, unde nati sunt? Ipsa Ecclesia Patres illos apellat—ipsa illos constituit in *Sedibus Patrum.* Non, ergo, te putes desertam quia non vides Petrum, quia non vides Paulum, quia non vides eos per quos nata es; *pro patribus nati sunt tibi filii.* (In Ps. 144.)

In them is contained the plenitude of the priesthood: they are made co-operators with God in the administration of his Church: *Dei adjutores.** Hence, with great justice did the truly golden-mouthed Chrysostom style the Bishops: *Columns*—by their strength supporting the Church: *Governors*—by their wisdom and example guiding to the ways of righteousness and truth: *Shepherds*—by their vigilance keeping off wolves, and protecting the fold: *Spiritual Ploughmen*—by their perseverance and zeal eradicating the thorns of error and vice, from the fields of the Church.†

Hence, the Rev. speaker inferred, the Episcopal office is as onerous and responsible, as it is high and honorable. "Understand," writes the great St. Gregory, to a Bishop of his times, "that we have taken the name of *Pastor*, (or Bishop,) not for repose, but for labor."‡ Under this conviction it was that the Council of Trent has recorded this solemn and ever memorable warning: "Let those who have been called to the Episcopal office be convinced, that they are called not to seek their own aggrandizement: not to enjoy luxury or riches, but to undergo labor and solicitude, for the glory of God."§

The orator then went on to show how, by the labor and solicitude of the Apostles and primitive Bishops, the Church was planted in all parts of the earth; and the deposit of true faith, preserved through the hierarchy, has been transmitted down to our own times. To this venerable hierarchy three new Bishops were, this day, added; and the never-ending chain of succession has been extended still more remotely, throughout our vast republic—as far as Chicago and Litlle Rock.

He then alluded to the first Prelates who have been appointed by the holy Father, to these two Sees. The distinguished preacher of this morning, dwelt on the merits of the Bishop of Little Rock, Dr. Byrne, in his felicitous and eloquent style: my prayer, added the Rev. speaker, is, God speed him. In all his labors, fatigues and journeyings through his border-diocess, may the spirit of fortitude and longanamity be with him; ever mindful of the words of the Apostle, *through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God.**

"On the Bishop of Chicago," he continued, "my mind cannot but rest with a more intimate relation; a relation, which had its origin many years ago, amidst the solitudes of that mountain-seminary, which—then the abode of a few humble alumni—has since became the parent of illustrious Bishops and eminent Priests. Back

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* 1. Cor. iii. 9.

†Columnæ, quidem; quoniam virtute sua Ecclesiœ robur sunt. Gubernatores, quoniam Orbem terrarum viam rectam docuerunt. Pastores, quoniam lupos abegerunt. Aratores, quomim spinas eradicaverunt; &c. (*Serm. de Pentecost.*)

‡Nomen nos *Pastoris*, non ad quietem sed ad laborem suscepsse cognoscite. (*Lib. 4. Ep.*)

§Ii qui Episcopale ministerium suscipiunt, quae suae sint partes agnoscant, ac se non ad propria commoda, non ad divitias aut luxum, sed ad labores et solicitudinem pro Dei gloria vocatos esse intelligant.—(Sess. 5. de Reform., cap. 1.)

* Acts, ch. xiv., v. 23.

to those early days my memory turns with unmingled delight: and, as it dwells upon the gentle seminarians, at that time laboring to imbibe some of the pent-up waters of ecclesiastical science, which have since gushed from that rocky source, and spread abroad in such copious streams, it fixes itself upon my then youthful friends and companions—now the Bishops of Chicago and Axieren—whilst, at the same time, it brings up from their silent graves the saintly and venerated shades of a Dubois and a Brute. Yes, amidst that ingenuous band of students, united together in hardship, privation and study,—and in friendship, which seems magically lasting and enduring, these two Prelates stand out prominently in my early and happy associations. Dr. QUARTER has since been well tried, and has acquired a large store of practical information, during the fifteen years of his priestly ministry, in this vast metropolis. He carries with him to Chicago great experience: he carries with him a mind discriminative and just: a heart, friendly and sympathetic. He is, moreover, distinguished for hospitality, one of the many qualities specified by St. Paul, as characteristic of a Bishop. This his clergy will often have occasion to admire. The way-faring and wearied missionary, returning to repose awhile, from his long and laborious excursions, will not be disappointed in this. At the first rap at his Prelate's door, by day or by night, it will instantly fly open, I will answer for it; and he will be greeted with a right cheerful welcome, and cared for with parental affection.

Intimately associated with Dr. QUARTER in our early reminiscences, is the Right Reverend Dr. McCLOSKEY, Coadjutor of this, our own beloved Diocess. Of him, what shall I say? I confess I feel almost afraid to trust myself to give expression, on this magnificent occasion, of my admiration, of this gentle and accomplished Prelate. Dear to me in the bloom of his boyhood, under the shades of our "mountain-home," and during his sacerdotal career, my true and unwavering friend. From him—now numbered among the Prelates of the Church—adorned with all the virtues of his office; refined, eloquent, unprejudiced, social, learned; what has the American Church not a right to anticipate. Of him, this, his native Diocess, will have reason to be proud; and our universal thanks for such a choice, are due to the illustrious Bishop of New-York; who, in this important measure, was, no doubt, influenced by the motives which prompted the immortal St. Augustine to associate with himself a Coadjutor in the See of Hippo; the particulars of which are thus related in Ecclesiastical history. In order to afford himself greater leisure for the revision of all his works, he resolved to appoint a Coadjutor; and having assembled the clergy, addressed them thus: "We are mortal, my brethren, If the young may die soon, the old cannot hope to live long. In order, therefore, that there may be no room for complaint, I declare, in presence

of you all, what, I trust, is comformable to the will of God, that I demand Evodius for my sussessor." "God be glorified," exclaimed the clergy.* Augustine added: "I will not expatiate on the praises of Evodius. I esteem his merit, and will not offend his modesty. May the Almighty approve of the step which he has inspired me to adopt."

"These three Bishops," continued the Rev. Preacher, "have, this day taken their places among the Fathers in the church. Their chairs are numbered among those of the primitive Bishops of the east and west, as well as those of more recent days—of an Anselm, a Thomas, a Becket, a Fisher, a Carroll." He then concluded his discourse with the following touching apostrophe: "All hail, then, thou ancient Catholic Church! Parent of Bishops, Mother of Saints, hail! If I forget thee, thou venerable spouse of Christ, thee, the *true Israel* of God, may my tongue cleave to my palate, and my right hand be forgotten!"

*Ep. 213, 214.

FOR THE EXPOSITOR.

## THE PRODIGAL SON.

A RICH man had two sons, whose tender youth,
Himself had fondly cherished with that warmth
Of love a doting parent only knows:
Nor the less dear, because while memory traced
Their mother's likeness in each face, he hoped
Her virtues, whom this earth no longer held,
Might shine in them as brightly as herself.
Their childhood passed, and manhood's ripening age
Gave liberty to each to shape his course
Through life, as varying fancy might dictate.
The elder brother chose the better path,
And still beneath his father's peaceful roof
Remained content, to cheer his latter days,
And yield a son's obedience to his will.
Not so the younger; his aspiring thoughts
Brooked no control: the world, with all its charms,
Imagination pictured as the sphere

Wherein alone to realize the joys
Of life;—in vain a parent's love would stay
Him in his mad resolve—entreaties—prayers—
Unheeded pass. At length, with many tears,
His father portions out his hard earned wealth
To each. The younger son no sooner holds
Within his grasp the fancied talisman
To conjure up possession of his wish,
Than, with impatient step, he hastes to quit
His childhood's home—scarce waiting to receive
A benediction from his aged sire.

Freed from the irksome trammels of restraint,
A distant country Prodigus now sought,—
Far from a watchful parent's tender care.
Life's voyage thus begun, he little dreamed
A shipwreck near! His destination reached,
Each day new pleasures brought. Through every scene
A neophyte in dissipation's school
Could seek to revel in, he passed. Each wish
His ample means conferred abundant power
To gratify. No wonder then, he soon
Found friends,—*such friends!*—a kindred set of youths
As spendthrift as himself, who daily met
Around the festive board his liberal hand
With luxuries spread. They sent him richest gifts,
But to receive more costly in return,
And while they loudly flattered, laughed unseen
At him they made an easy, willing dupe.
At length, the fire which once so brightly blazed,—
Round which so many warmed themselves,—went out
For want of fuel, leaving but the black
And smouldering ashes of a vain regret.
How cold and distant now his former friends
Who proffered service when he lacked it not!
The *last* to leave him while good fortune smiled—
The *first* to shun him when she drooping frowned.
Oh! hapless fate! none but himself to chide,
Whose wild ambition thus had brought him low!
No pitying hand extended to assist,
But rather mocked and laughed at as a fool,
Deeply he cursed that evil hour in which
His blinded reason had misguided him!
Of thousands squandered, not a single coin
Was left:—could he not borrow? there were none
To lend. His cup of sorrow had not yet
Been drained; for now a famine thro' the land
Its devastation spread. Oh! what a change!
From affluence to want—no more the viands,
Flavored with aromatic spice, to tempt

A pampered appetite!—no more to quench
His thirst the Cyprus wines!—a hard dried crust
Were luxury enough; but even this
He sought in vain! and wandering abroad,
Some occupation found in feeding swine.
His hunger such, he fain would gladly eat
The husks of grain on which those unclean beasts
Did glut! The fond remembrance of his home
—That happy, cheerful home, where comfort dwelt,—
Brought a repentant tear into his eye,
And thus he wildly cried: "Oh! would that I
Were but as one of those my father's serfs,—
The meanest man who tills the ground—for they
Have plenteous food and raiment—and to spare,—
While I, their master's son, with hunger die!
My foolish pride subdued, with aching heart
I will arise and seek my distant home;
Humbled and prostrate at my father's feet,
With quivering lips I will confess my fault
And say, "Father, against just Heaven and thee
I've sinned;—accept these bitter tears I shed
As tokens of my deep and heartfelt shame:
Unworthy longer to be called thy son,
Hired as thy servant let me earn my bread." "
Wearied and faint, at last his faltering limbs
Brought to his eager view the well known spot
Which but so late he quit with buoyant step.
While thus he stood, afraid to venture in,
His father from the house-top soon perceived
His son's approach, and hastening down with speed,
Warmly embraced and pressed him to his heart.
"Bring forth the richest robes," the old man cried,
"Remove these rags—go—kill the fatted calf—
Let us make merry; this my much loved child
Though lost is found: though dead, restored to life.
His troubles ended, joy once more shall reign!
Yet ere we feast, let us return our thanks
With gratitude to God, who in his love
Hath not deserted thee, my son, nor brought
My gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave.
He to the self-willed wandering sinner calls,
Forsake your evil ways—come back to me—
Repent—and with forgiveness blest, rejoice."

*March* 14th, 1844. R. R. I. P.

# THE DEGREES IN THE MINISTRY.

Truth alone, by an uninterrupted chain of titles and traditions, dates back, from the commencement of things, to that God from whom it emanated. Error cannot claim this lofty privilege; manifold and contradictory, it is constantly reproducing itself, but only again to die: the offspring of a day, it has neither past nor future: obscurity is behind it, obscurity before. Truth rejoices in the light, error can exist only in darkness; constantly struggling with the eternal splendor, and itself deprived of any brilliancy, it seeks only to heap up clouds before the sun.

So it is with the Church. In the glorious course of her long existence, she has sustained innumerable conflicts, but never had a dreaded opponent; she has never met any enemies but those whom rage for her destruction, had blinded and rendered powerless; and who, having no authentic records of their own, have been contented to attack hers, to endeavor to throw disorder and confusion into her archives. They cannot destroy them—but they try to weaken their testimony. To dethrone the daughter of the Heavens, they dispute with her the proofs of her birth; they hope to cloud her origin, in order, with less fear of detection, to allege that she may have been changed in her cradle; but the proofs of her identity are to be found in every line of the Holy Fathers. The very words used by them in referring to her rites and discipline, are conclusive testimony as to her antiquity; these words are exclusively ours. Protestant explanators have repudiated them entirely; but in setting them aside so unceremoniously, they have only deprived themselves of their benefit, without at all impairing our claim to them, and they remain standing memorials of the immutability of our Holy Faith.

Protestant writers discard not only the words but the very idea of an *altar*, a *sacrifice*, and an *oblation*, in regard to the Holy Eucharist; they reject the titles of the hierarchy of the Church—of her readers, and her chaunters; they recognize not the distinction between priests and laymen—between the three degrees of ministers, nor the supremacy of the chief Bishop.

We have said that they reject the

words *altar*, *sacrifice* and *oblation*. Let us see if antiquity will establish them by positive testimony, or merely by her silence.

Hear, first St. Cyprian. In speaking of the table of the Lord, he uses no other words. Examples may be furnished in abundance: we will give a few, as a specimen of a thousand others.*

But perhaps this is an innovation, dating no further back than the days of the great Bishop of Carthage, and then it cannot lay claim to the highest antiquity. This, however, is not so; Tertullian wrote before St. Cyprian, and he calls the celebration of the Eucharist, a *sacrifice*, and the table, the *altar of God!* and this in two separate passages.†

Must we go back even farther? We find that St. Ignatius himself—St. Ignatius, who saw the Apostles, who was personally taught by them—St. Ignatius, the martyr, in his epistles, the purity and authenticity of which are above suspicion, and have never been questioned, we find St. Ignatius testifying, that "ONE is the flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ; ONE is the Chalice, in the unity of the blood; ONE is the ALTAR, as one is the Bishop, with his Priests, and his Deacons, in the same service of God!"*

Other Fathers have said that the Christians had no altars, like those of the Pagans, idolatrous altars, altars of marble and stone, which were considered, in a manner, as the Divinity itself. The homage, the prayers of the Christians are not addressed to stones, as are those of the Druids: they are due to God alone. These Fathers confirm the assertions of those, whose testimony we have already adduced; they prove, that, in the primitive Church, as in the present, there was no altar save the Holy Table,† to which, in the words of an English Bishop, God invites the faithful, "wishing to let them participate in the great sacrifice, offered by his only son, for the salvation of the human race."‡

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* Cyprian., *Epistol.* XL, *ad Plebem;* XLII, *ad Cornelium;* LV, *ad Eumdem;* LXIII, *ad Cæcil.;* LXIV, *ad Epictet.;* etc., etc.

† "Similiter de statiouum diebus, non putant plerique sacrificiorum orationibus intervenientium, quod statio solvenda sit, *accepto corpore Domini.* Ergo Deo obsequium Eucharistia resolvit, an magis Deo obligat? Nonne solemnior erit statio tua, si ad ARAM DEI steteris? *Accepto Domini corpore et reservato,* utrumque salvum est, et PARTICIPATIO SACRIFICII et executio officii. (Tertull., *De oratione,* c. 14.) What conclusive testimony, at the same time, in support of the real presence: "Si spiritus reus apud se sit, conscientia erubescit, quomodo audebit orationem dicere ad ALTARE. (*Exhortatio ad Castit.,* c. X.)

* In his letter to the Ephesians the martyr says: "If any one is without the *altar*, he is deprived of the bread of God." (Ignat., *Epist. ad Ephes.*)

† Beveridge makes this important remark: "Constat mysticam mensam ab ipsis apostolorum temporibus vocatam fuisse, THUSIASTERION, non autem BOMON. Hæc enim vox gentilibus solis idololatris, illa ecclesiasticis scriptoribus peculiaris est. Hinc est quod Origenes, Minutius Felix, Arnobius aliique, Christianos nullos habere, BOMOUS, nullas idolorum aras quemadmodum et nulla templa, nulla scilicet claustra numinum qualia fuerunt vel existimata sunt Ethnicorum templa, sæpe asseruerunt," (Bevereg., lib., II, c. 10, § 4.)

‡ Hear the very words of Beveridge: "Et quidem vox ista....nihil aliud est quam.... mensa deo consecrata, sive sancta, ad quam Deus fideles sous invitat *eosque magni illius sacrificii* quod unigenitus ipsius Filius pro humano genere obtulit, *participes facit:*" (Bevereg., lib. I, c. 10.)

Others, again, of the same time as Tertullian, or of the preceding century, speak of the celebration of the Eucharist as a sacrifice, and an *oblation*, and show the propriety of the terms by irrefutable commentaries. Then St. Irenæus repeats the august words of our Saviour, in the supreme ceremony of the supper, and adds, "This is the way, in which He has shown us this new *oblation* of the New Testament, which the Church, instructed in her turn by the Apostles, offers to God throughout the universe.."* Elsewhere, he says that this oblation is received by the Most High as *a pure and acceptable sacrifice;* and exclaims that *there are sacrifices among the people*, that there are *sacrifices in the Church!*† St. Justin in his turn declares, on the testimony of God himself, that "God is pleased with all those, who offer in his name, the *sacrifice* instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ—the *sacrifice* of bread and wine in the Eucharist."

And long before this, St. Clement had said "We ought to perform, according to the prescribed rite, all those things which the Lord has ordered to be done at the appointed time, and thus celebrate the *oblations*, &c." And farther on, he says, "That those who make their oblations at the period prescribed, are accepted and blessed."

The sentence of condemnation, thus passed against the dogmas of the Church, it is an easy task to attack with the same weapons—her hierarchical organization; and it is accordingly denied that the primitive Church recognized the words *layman*, *cleric*, *reader* and *chanter;* it is denied that she applied them to *the faithful, who had not entered into orders—to such of them as bore their part in the ministry*, as *read*, or as *sang:* still less is it admitted, that the words *priest*, *priest and bishop*, were used to denote two distinct degrees, or that there existed a *chief bishop*. But what does such an attack prove? only its own weakness; for it contains as many errors as assertions!

Origen says, that *some among the priests shall be lost*, whilst many laymen will be numbered among the elect. Tertullian, in his discussions on second nuptials, makes constant allusion to the degrees in Christian society, and he names, in succession, the *bishops*, the *clergy and priests*, (*sacerdotes,*) *sacerdotal discipline*, *laymen*, &c.*

* Sed et suis discipulis dans consilium (Christus) primitias Deo offerre ex suis creaturis, non quasi indigenti, sed ut ipsi nec infructuosi nec ingrati sint, eum qui ex creatura panis est, accepit et gratias egit, dicens: Hoc est corpus meum! Et calicem similiter qui est ex creatura quæ est secundum nos, suum sanguinem confessus est, et novi Testamenti novam docuit *oblationem* quam Ecclesia ab Apostolis accipiens in universo mundo offert Deo." [Iræa., *Adv. hær.*, lib. IV, c. 52.]

† Igitur Ecclesiæ oblatio quam Dominus docuit offerri in universo mundo, purum sacrificium reputatum est apud Deum at acceptum est ei, non quod indigeat a nobis sacrificium sed quoniam is qui offert glorificatur in eo quod offert, si acceptetur munus ejus." And again: "Sacrificia in populo, sacrificia et in Ecclesias, ed species immutata est tantum, quippe non a servis, sed a liberis offerantur." [Iræn., lib. VI, c. 34.]

* Unde enim *episcopi et clerus*, nonne de omnibus? Si non omnes monogamiæ te-

If we open the works of St. Cyprian, on every page we find mention made of *clerics and clergy*. And St. Clement enumerates and defines the duties and position of the *sovereign pontiffs*, of the *priests*, of the *levites*, of the *laity;* where then is the room for doubt!

The Synod of Laodicea makes particular mention of *chanters*, *canonical chanters*. Pope Cornelius, in a letter to Fabian, Bishop of Antioch, writes, that at his time, that is to say, about the year 250, the Church of Rome alone possessed forty-four *priests*, seven *deacons*, as many *sub-deacons*, forty-two *acolytes*, fifty-two *exorcists*, *readers* and *janitors*.* The Church of Carthage also, according to St. Cyprian, had its *sub-deacons*, and its *readers*.† Tertullian, in several places, and St. Justin, Martyr, also speak of the *readers* of the Church.

We content ourselves with thus naming the *minor orders* of the Church; they lead us to the consideration of the higher portion of the hierarchy, the *major orders*. The dignities which we have just mentioned, give no direct participation in the august ministry of the new alliance, but the others establish a positive barrier between the laity and the clergy.

In the Jewish dispensation, there were three degrees in the ministry; first of all, Aaron, then his sons, and lastly, the *Levites*. St. James remarks, that apostolic tradition has established a similar gradation in the Christian Church, since we also reckon three grand divisions, *Bishops*, *Priests*, and *Deacons*.* And the Holy Council of Trent establishes this declaration, by pronouncing anathema, against whomsoever shall presume to confound what the will of God has made distinct.†

The canons of the Church are every where, in strict conformity with this belief; and in consequence they are by no means exempt from the attacks of heresy. In no place has heresy denied the distinction between *Priests* and *Deacons*. But she has denied the original distinction between *Priests* and *Bishops*.‡ It is

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nentur, unde monogami in clerum? An ordo aliquis seorsim debet institui monogamorum, de quo allectio fiat in clerum? Sed cum extollimur et inflamur adversus clerum, tunc omnes unum sumus, tunc omnes *sacerdotes*, quia sacerdotes nos Deo et Patri fecit. Cum ad perœquationem disciplinæ sacerdotalis provocamur, deponimus infulas, et pares sumus....Laicis vero, quis monogamia non convenit, cætera quoque aliena sunt. [Tertull., *de Monogam.*, c. 12.] We only quote this passage, because it proves the *historical fact*. Elsewhere Tertullian says: "Ubi tres, ecclesia est, licet *laici!*" [*Exhort. ad castit.*, c. 7.]

* Cornelius says, as given by Eusebius: "In una ecclesia Romana Presbyteros quidem quatuor et quadraginta sunt, septem autum diaconos totidemque subdiaconos, acoluthas duos et quadraginta, exorcistas autem et lectores cum ostiariis quinquaginta duos." [Euseb., *Hist. ecclesiast.*, lib. VI, c. 45.]

† Cyprian., *Epist.* 24.

* Ut sciamus traditiones apostolicas sumptas de veteri Testamento, quod Aaron et Filii ejus, et Levitæ in templo fuerunt, hoc sibi episcopi et presbyteri et diaconi vindicant in Ecclesia. [Hieronym., *Epist. ad Evagrium* ad fin.]

†Si quis dixerit in Ecclesia catholica non esse hierarchiam divina ordinatione institutam quæ constat ex episcopis, presbyteris ac ministris, *anathema* sit. [*Concil. Trident.*, sess. 25, can. 6 *de sacr. ord.*]

‡ Arius was the first heresiarch, who,

true that Bishops are frequently styled Priests; but Priests are nowhere considered or called Bishops. The whole discussion turns on this point. Bishops are Priests; they have frequently taken this title, and that because they are Priests by excellence; but they alone are *pontiffs*, and the other priests are priests only by virtue of the Bishops' authority.

On this point the Holy Fathers are unanimously opposed to Arius, who first supported this heresy, by wrongly interpreting a phrase of St. Clement, of Rome, which forced interpretation, even now, fifteen hundred years since the annihilation of Arianism, is the only argument which our opponents can bring against us. St. Clement says, that the Apostles, in fulfilling their divine mission, went about preaching the word of God, and confirming the people in the Holy Spirit; and that they established *Bishops* and *Ministers*. It is well known that in Greek the same word means both *ministers* in general, and *deacons* in particular (Diaconoi); and this second meaning is the only one which our adversaries have chosen to find in it, in this passage of St. Clement; afterwards they inferred from it that only two orders existed in the Church, deacons and bishops, and that priests were included under the name of bishops. They might easily, and with equal justice, have said that priests were included in the former term, and this hypothesis would have been much more reasonable; but they took good care not to adopt any such interpretation. They would have preferred the triple division which the Church authorises, and which, moreover, is established by the same Pope Clement, in another place, and by the writings and examples of St. Clement of Alexandria, of Tertullian, of Origen, of St. Irenæus, of St. Denis of Corinth, of St. Polycarp, of St. Ignatius, and of all the early fathers and bishops of the first ages of the Church.

The testimony of St. Clement of Alexandria, is most sublime; he compares the degrees of dignity in the Church militant to the degrees of glory, in which the angels dwell. "The progressive dignities of deacons, priests and bishops, are, in my mind, the representation of the degrees of angelical glory." In another place St. Clement of Alexandria, after observing that the Holy Scriptures contain many things in relation to the elect, particularly remarks, that "some concern *priests*, others, *bishops*, and others *deacons*."

Origen, in his turn, enlarges upon this last thought, in his commentaries on St. Matthew. He proves that second nuptials are not allowed to any one who is united to the ministry of the Church. Passing in review the three orders, he speaks first of the bishops; he then descends to the inferior rank, the deacons; and afterwards returns to the intermediate grade, the priests. Why should he return to the priests if he thought

being unable to obtain a place in the episcopacy, pretended that a priest was equal to a bishop. [Vide Beveridge, *Can. apost.* lib. II, c. 10.]

that they were included with the bishops. In another part of his writings he declares, that God requires more of him than of a deacon: more of a deacon than of a layman: and still more of him, on whom the whole Church reposes. And this most certainly establishes a triple gradation, and places him, a priest, between an inferior rank, and one which is superior.

In speaking of baptism, Tertullian professes that the supreme right of conferring this sacrament belongs, "first to the bishop, who is by excellence the *pontiff*; afterwards to the *priest* and *deacon*; but they can do nothing without the authority of the Bishop. So also with the laity."* In his book against second marriages, which he wishes to introduce to the faithful, he says again: "Of whom have you asked a second marriage? of those who ought to have but one wife; of the *bishop*, the *priest*, and the *deacon*. All ministers of the same sacrament."†

Tertullian throws open to us a new sort of proof, when,—intrepid adversary of heretics, whose pride and faults he was, alas, too soon to share—he thus apostrophised them with his African vehemence: "Well then," he exclaims, "let them show the origin of their Church? Let them unfold for us the list of their bishops, and their succession, dating back in an uninterrupted line, to its very source, so that their first bishop shall have been instituted and preceded by the Apostles, or by those apostolic men, who, till the end, persevered in union with the Apostles? This is the means by which the apostolic Churches prove their legitimacy, by showing their titles. Thus the Church of Smyrna, which dates from Polycarp, proves that it was founded by St. John. Thus Rome, claims for her first pontiff, Clement, ordained by St. Peter. All the others show the same proofs, and acknowledge those, who, having been constituted by the Apostles in the Episcopacy, have transmitted to them the Apostolic seed."*

Thus we have the testimony of Tertullian in regard to the succession of those Bishops, whom we find at Rome, at Smyrna, and throughout the Catholic Church. And what says St. Irenæus on this head? He also affirms that the apostolic succession in the Church is manifest over the

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* Dandi quidem habet just summus sacerdos, qui est episcopus: dehinc presbyteri et diaconi, non tamen sine episcopi auctoritate, propter ecclesiae honorem; quo salvo, salva pax est. Alioquin etiam laicis jus est. [Tertull. *de Baptism*, c. 17.]

† Qualis es id matrimonium postulans, quod iis a quibus postulas, non licet habere? Ab episcopo monogamo, a presbyteris et diaconis ejnsdem sacramenti. [Tertull., *de Monogam.*, c. 2.]

* Edant ergo origines ecclesiarum suarum, evolvant ordinem episcoporum suorum, ita per successiones ab initio decurrentem, ut primus ille episcopus aliquem ex apostolis vel apostolicis viris, qui tamen cum apostolis perseveraverint, habuerit autorem et antecessorem. Hoc enim modo ecclesia apostolica census suos deferunt. Sicut Smyrnorum ecclesia habens Polycarpum ab Johanne collocatum refert, sicut Romanorum Clementem a Petro ordinatum edit. Proinde utique caetera exhibent quos ab apostolis in episcopatum constitutos apostolici seminis traduci habeant. [Tertull., *de Præscript, adv. hæret.*, c. 32.—See also *Adv. Marcion.*, lib. IV, c. 5.]

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whole surface of the globe, to him who would seek the truth. "We can recall," he writes, "all the Bishops, who have been instituted by the Apostles in the Churches, and we see their successors among us."* He cites at once, as an example, the head of the Episcopacy, the apostolic chair by excellence, the Roman Church. He relates that the Apostles themselves founded this Church: they themselves taught it: they themselves first confided the Episcopacy of it to Linus, who was succeeded by Cletus; and, in the third place they themselves instituted Clement.† He ends his enumeration with the reigning pontiff Eleutherus, "the twelfth, who received the Episcopal succession from the Apostles," as he himself tells us. Saint Irenæus afterwards speaks of the Church of Smyrna, and of St. Polycarp, whom he himself, when a child, had seen. "Not only," said he, "did St. Polycarp receive the faith from the Apostles, and live among men, who had seen the Lord; but being chosen by the Apostles, he received from them the Bishopric of Smyrna, in Asia."§

*Traditionem itaque apostolorum in toto mundo manifestatam in Ecclesia adest perspicere omnibus qui vera velint audire, et habemus annumerare eos qui ab apostolis instituti sunt episcopi in ecclesiis et successores eorum usque ad nos. [Iren., lib. III, c. 3.]

†Iren., lib. III, c. 3. ‡Iren., ibid.

§Et Polycarpus autem, non solum ab apostolis edoctus et consecratus cum multis ex iis qui Dominum nostrum viderunt, sed etiam ab apostolis in Asia, in ea quae est Smyrnis ecclesia, constitutus episcopus, quem et nos vidimus in prima nostra aetate. [Iren., ibid.]

The other principal Churches, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, preserved with the greatest veneration the memory of all their Bishops, down to the 11th century. Alexandria had first Anianus, ordained by St. Mark, then Abilius, Cerdo, Primus, Justus, Eumenes, &c. At Antioch, St. Peter established Evodius, who was succeeded by St. Ignatius, Heros, Cornelius, and others. The first Bishop of Jerusalem, St. James the Apostle, was replaced by Simeon, who was followed by Justus; he was succeeded by Zacchæus, who gave place to Tobias, after whom came Benjamin.* St. Irenæus establishes the veracity of these facts, which are also set forth by others. We will only cite in particular Hegisippus, who was a contemporary of Irenæus, if not indeed a predecessor, and who, like him, gives first a list of the Bishops of Rome.†

It appears then, that every Church had a Bishop, and that there was but one Bishop in each Church; and it has also been established that each one of these Bishops had Priests under his authority:—for instance, the forty-four Priests governed by Pope Cornelius at Rome. In the time of Eleutherus, a heretical priest was by him ejected from the bosom of the Church.‡ We have still a document of the greatest weight on this head: it is a letter addressed to St. Cyprian, by the priests and deacons of Rome, after the death of Fabianus,

*Iren., lib. III, c. 3.

†Euseb., *Hist. ecclesiast.*, lib. IV, c 22.

‡Euseb., *Hist ecclesiast.*, lib. V. 15.

and prior to the ordination of Cornelius, when consequently, the chair was vacant. In this letter we find the following passage: "In consequence of the difficulties arising from various circumstances, and from the times, we have not yet instituted a Bishop, who may govern our affairs, and by his authority and counsel, take the necessary steps in regard to those who have fallen."* Thus, it is clear, that the priests and deacons, then gathered together in Rome, neither claimed nor exercised the right of administering the Church, even in the absence of a superior, much less in his presence.

In addition to the proofs already given, we may add that history frequently mentions persons of celebrity, who first appear in the quality of priests, and whose subsequent elevation to the episcopacy she chronicles. Thus, according to Origen, Heracles, who was afterwards Bishop of Alexandria, had been a simple priest under Pothinus, before being raised to the bishopric; of this we are assured by letters from the martyrs of Lyons and Vienna. St. Jerome confirms this, when he relates that Irenæus, a priest of Pothinus, Bishop of Lyons had been deputed to Rome, to consult upon several matters relating to his Church: that he presented his credentials to the Bishop Eleutherus, and he subsequently replaced St. Pothinus, after the holy man, already four score and ten years old, had received the crown of martyrdom.* Irenæus was then successively Priest and Deacon of Lyons. Eleutherus himself had been a Deacon of Aricetum.

We shall finish with a few conclusive words from St. Ignatius. Writing to the Christians of Magnesia, he praises successively, first their *Bishop* Damas, then their *Priests* Bassa and Apollonius, and lastly their *Deacon* Sotion. Writing to Philadelphia: "Be submissive," he says, "to your *Bishop*, to your *Priests*, and to your *Deacons!* and elsewhere, "Your *Bishop* stands in the midst of you, in the place of God; your *Priests* occupy that of the assembly of the Apostles; and your *Deacons* are the ministers of Jesus Christ." This, it seems to us, is clear and explicit. The chain of tradition is unbroken: we may trace it back to its commencement, and follow it down to our own generation; every link is stamped with the same seal. The hierarchy is ever found with its three orders:—Deacons, Priests and Bishops.

*Quamquam nobis differenda hujus rei necessitas major incumbat, quibus post excessum nobilissima memoria viri Fabiani, nondum est episcopus propter rerum et temporum difficultates constitutus, qui omnia ista moderetur, et eorum qui lapsie sunt, possit cum auctoritate et consilio habere rationem. (Apud. Cyor., *Ep.* 34.)

*Irenaeus Pothini episcopi, qui Lugdunensem in Gallia regebat ecclesiam, presbyter a martyribus ejusdem loci ob quasdam ecclesia quaestiones legatus Romam missus, honorificas super nomine suo ad Eleutherium episcopum perfert litteras. Postea jam Pothino prope nonagenario ob Christum martyrio coronato, in locum ejus substituitur. (Hieronym., *in Catal.*)

# HISTORY OF THE

# LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,

## FROM HIS INCARNATION TO HIS ASCENSION;

FROM THE FRENCH OF FATHER DE LIGNY.

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BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

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## CHAPTER X.

*The officer's son cured.—The man possessed of the evil spirit relieved.—Peter's step-mother healed.*

Jesus went a second time to Cana, in Galilee, where he had changed water into wine. He there met a Ruler, whose son was ill at Capharnaum, who came to conjure him to cure his dying son. By having recourse to Christ, it is manifest that he had an incipient faith; but, properly speaking, it was, as yet, a mere doubt, which wanted, in order to render it true faith, an occular demonstration of the power of Christ, of which he had heard much. Jesus, who knew his disposition, reproached him in these words: "unless ye see signs and wonders, you will not believe." This father, taken up entirely with the dangerous condition of his child, conjured him to come down before his son would die. "Go thy way," returned Jesus, "thy son liveth." These efficacious words wrought, at the same time, upon the body of the son, and the soul of the father. He believed and departed. The next day, while yet on his way, he was met by his servants, who informed him that his son was well: and having inquired the hour when the fever left him, he was told that it was at the seventh hour of the day.* He then knew that it was at that very hour when Jesus assured him that his son was cured; and he, together with his whole family, believed. This was the second miracle† which Jesus wrought in Cana.

We have already seen, that he

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* One hour after mid-day.

† The second which he wrought, in this journey from Judea to Gallilee, is the second which he had wrought in Galilee, in counting that as the first, at the marriage of Cana, which he likewise wrought after his arrival from Judea: or, perhaps, the Evangelist does not designate those which Jesus operated in the circumstance of his return, disposing the people to receive and listen to him. Commentators differ in these explanations; among which we are free to adopt that which is most agreeable, without the fear of falling into any prejudicial error.

forsook Nazareth and made his permanent residence at Caphernaum, a maritime city, on the confines of Zebulon and Nepthali. He went thither, after the marriage feast of Cana, with "his mother, brothers, and disciples." But as the festival of the Pasch was near, he remained but a few days. After which festival, he returned thither, and commenced preaching in the synagogue, on the Sabbath days. All were astonisbed at his doctrine: for he taught as a person having authority, and not like the Scribes.*

There was in the synagogue a man possessed of the unclean spirit, who heaving a loud cry, exclaimed, "What have we to do with thee, Jesus of Nazareth? Hast thou come to destroy us? I know who thou art—the Holy one of God." What motive induced him thus to speak, we do not know. But whether he hoped to subdue Christ by flattering him, or intended, through a kind of spite, to divulge his divinity, which the Saviour wished to make known only by degrees, it is certain that his intention was bad. Thus Christ, who did not desire such a witness, imposed silence on him, saying,* "speak no more, and go out of the man." Then the unclean spirit agitating him with violent convulsions, threw him in the midst of the assembly, and sending forth a great cry, departed, without doing him any harm. This powerless rage was, for them who might be

* Jesus Christ spoke as a legislator, and the Scribes as interpreters of the law. He had the power to work miracles; the Scribes had not. In both these particulars, he had an advantage which could not be disputed, and which could not be acquired by them. But he had others which, if they could not equal, they might imitate, and the want of which deprived their ministry of dignity, and their words of efficacy. Christ practised what he taught. The Scribes gave the lie to their doctrine by their lives. Christ sought only the glory of his Father, and the salvation of men; the Scribes had in view their own glory and the spoilation of widows, *whose houses they devoured*, when by hypocrisy, they had surprised their esteem, and captivated their confidence. The zeal of Christ was, then, a zeal authorized by example, and ennobled by that perfect disinterestedness, which, forgetful of itself, breathes only the salvation of those for whom it is exercised. What a tone has not such zeal a right to assume? and who can resist the empire which nature and reason accord to it over the mind? That of the Scribes, on the contrary, inspired by pride and interest, could not have either a natural air, because it was counterfeit, or gravity, because to arrive at its ends, it was necessary to assume as many changes as the cameleon, and pass perpetually from security to looseness, from censure to adulation; nor authority, because in spite of its grimaces, and by its grimaces, it betrayed itself, and exposed sometimes the tricks of vanity, sometimes the pliances of self-interest, as the only motive of action, and the only impulses of activity and direction.

He who teaches and does not practice, is a babbler. He who teaches for the mere glory of speaking well, is a declaimer. He who teaches for the vile profit to be derived from it, should be called a mimic, did not the abuse he makes of the divine word to so base an end, add the idea of sacrilege to that of the most despicable of all professions.

† The disciples imitated their master in this particular. When the Devil said through the mouth of the sorceress: *these men are servants of the Most High God, who announce to us the way of salvation, Paul, who could with difficulty bear it, turned towards her, and said to the spirit: I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to depart from the body of this girl.* (Acts ch. 16.) Whatever comes from the father of lies must be suspected, even the truth: for when he tells the truth, it is only to make it subserve the cause of falsehood.

As the father, so the children. Luther defended strongly the dogma of the real presence against the sacramentarians. This apparent zeal imposed on the simple, and in combatting the Zuinglians, he made them Lutherans.

disposed to doubt, the proof of the man's being possessed, and of the divinity of Him before whom all the powers of hell are but weakness. All present were astonished at this prodigy,* and said to one another, "What thing is this? What is this new doctrine?† For with power he commandeth even the unclean spirits, and they obey him." And his fame was spread over all Galilee.

After this miracle, Jesus, might have selected a dwelling-place in some one of the most opulent mansions in the city, which would have been honored by receiving and treating him with splendid honors. But, he gave the preference to that, to which friendship called him, and whose poverty, far from deterring, only attracted him the more. With James and John, he repaired to the house of Simon and Andrew. Another motive which led him thither, was to exercise his charity. "Simon's wife's mother lay in a fit of a fever." They besought Jesus to relieve her. He approached the bed, took her by the hand, and raised her up; at the same time, he commanded the fever, and it left her on the spot: "and they ministered unto him."

Many other sick persons hoped for the same favor. But, it was necessary to bring them to him, and the repose of the Sabbath, of which, we know, the Jews were scrupulous observers, prevented him from performing this act of charity. This repose ended with the light of the day, according to Leviticus: "*Ye shall celebrate your Sabbaths from one evening to the other.**" It was, therefore, only after sunset, that they brought to him all that were ill and possessed with devils. "All the city was gathered together at the door." Jesus, extending his hand over each of them, cured many;† cast out devils, and restored health to the infirm, fulfilling thus what Isaiah had foretold of the maladies of the body as well as of the soul: *He took our infirmities, and bore our diseases.*‡ The devils, as they went out, exclaimed: "thou art the Son of God." But he rebuked them, and suffered them not to speak, because "*they knew that he was Christ.*"

But he was not to confine his instructions and favors to one city; and he knew the efforts that would be made to keep him in it. Wherefore, rising early in the morning, he left it, and returned into a solitary place, and gave himself up to prayer. He was followed by Simon and those who had been with him; and, on finding him, they said: "all seek for thee." Jesus replied: "let us go unto the neighboring towns and cities, that I

* What caused this astonishment was, that this was the first possessed person delivered by Jesus Christ. He soon accustomed the Jews to this prodigy, which he afterwards frequently performed: and his disciples accustomed to it the whole world. This forever has continued in the Church, as many signal and incontestable instances have proved.

† What is this new doctrine which teaches such novel things, and works such wonders?

* Levit. ch. xxiii. v. 32.

† All were cured—the word *many* is used to signify that they were in great numbers.

‡ Ch. 53, v. 4.

may preach there also; for to this purpose am I come." The inhabitants, as soon as they had known of his departure, pursued him likewise, and found him, and endeavored to retain him among them. But he refused, saying: "To other cities also I must preach the kingdom of God; for, therefore am I sent." With the hope of seeing him again, they did not insist; and Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, healing all manner of sickness, among the people, and his fame spread through all Syria, and he cured those who "were taken with divers diseases and torments, and such as were possessed of devils, and lunatics,* and those that had the palsy." And he was followed by crowds of people from Galilee, Decapolis,† Jerusalem, Judea and beyond the Jordan.

Now, Jesus, seeing himself surrounded with a great crowd of people, gave orders to cross over the lake, Having reached the opposite side, and pursuing his way, he was met by a Scribe, who adored him, saying: "Master I will follow thee whithersoever thou shalt go." To show what sacrifices it would be necessary to make in order to be his disciple, Jesus replied: "The foxes have their holes, and the birds of the air their nests, but the Son of man hath no where to lay his head."* Such a teacher should not have any difficulty in concluding that the disciple must not hope to be better off than his master: and he would find himself very far from his pretensions, if it is true, as is generally believed, that in offering himself, in apparently so generous a manner, he flattered himself that his fortune would be made; for he had no more spiritual idea of the Saviour, than the common people of his nation entertained. Another truth which he seemed to be ignorant of, is, that Christ, who had not always been followed by all whom he called, was never followed except by those whom he first called. This he taught him by addressing another person in the crowd in these words: "follow me." This one already belonged to the number of his disciples, but had not been inseparably attached to him. As the object of his second vocation was to effect this attachment, he replied: "Lord, suffer me, first, to go and bury my father." By this he meant to assist his father in his

* By lunacy is here meant epilepsy, and periodical insanity. This disease was anciently attributed to the effect of the moon. Though this is found to be erroneous, the name has not been changed; and because the name remains, the error is still cherished in the minds of the multitude, who ingenuously believe that things are always what they are called!

† This name signifies the district of ten cities. It was situated to the north and west of the sea of Tiberias, in the tribes of Zabulon and Nepthali. With regard to its limits, and the name of several of its cities, much doubt remains.

* Poverty has many degrees among men. The Poverty of animals, generally speaking, surpasses that of the poorest of human beings. Those of which men do not take care, and which, left to themselves, have no shelter, may be considered the most destitute of all. Others, however, have their nests, and others their "holes"; and in this respect, have more than Christ possessed. Such is the poverty to which the Son of Man reduced himself for us. If the comparison were not his own, would we dare make it?

extreme old age, and not to quit him until his death, or illness. It is natural to suppose that this man, who had not yet taken the last engagement with Christ, would have hastened to his dying parent, without waiting quietly until the peremptory order was given by Christ, to become his permanent disciple. "Follow me," was the repeated language of Jesus—"and let the dead bury their dead."* That is to say, leave to the children of the world the care of worldly things.† "But go thou and preach the kingdom of God."

To these two circumstances which are recounted in the same manner by St. Matthew and Luke, the latter adds a third, which, probably, did not occur on the same day, but which the Evangelist deemed it most proper to mention here, on account of the resemblance it bore to the two preceding. "And another said: I will follow thee, Lord, but let me first take leave of those that are at my house." This request did not seem different from the advice given by Jesus himself to the young man; "go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor; and come and follow me." But it appears that the renunciation, such as he had intended to make, would have caused a long discussion, since Jesus replied: "no one putting his hand to the plough and looking back, is worthy of the kingdom of heaven." Making him understand by these words, that, if there are in the world professions that demand on the part of those who exercise them, a continuous and uninterrupted attention, such, for example, as that of a ploughman, who would not be able to make a single straight furrow, if he was to amuse himself by looking behind, suffering his horses to stray from the right to the left—so with much greater reason, the Apostleship, the most laborious, as it is the most sublime, of all ministries, requires the entire man, according to the language of St. Paul:—"No man being a soldier to God, entangleth himself with secular business; that he may please him to whom he hath engaged himself."*

* Let those who are dead according to the soul, have the care of burying those who are dead, according to soul and body. The world is filled with the dead: and those who are deplored, are not more deplorable than these, except that the death of the body, which is the only cause of tears, puts the last seal to the death of the soul, which is more bewailed on earth, although this is only cause why the other should be deplored.

† This parable of the Saviour serves to arm with constancy those whom God has called to a perfect state, against the efforts the world makes to retain them. Even the world adopts it when there is question of the world. It would be the first to treat as rebellious or cowardly any one who should refuse to march at once in the service of a prince, on account of the pressing duties of nature. Yet it becomes indignant when it is applied to the service of God: and the appellation of cruelty is the gentlest that is given to such piety. Is the world in contradiction with itself? no; for it regards the prince as greater than God, the earth more valuable than heaven, and the care of the body preferable to the salvation of souls.

* 2 Tim. ch. ii. v. 4. Perhaps Christ meant to admonish this man to weigh well the step he was about to take, and to prevent any regrets which the remembrance of things too inconsiderately renounced, might occasion: which will be a double misfortune; since, stript of all by a sacrifice which he would repent to have made, that very repentance would render him unworthy of

FROM THE LONDON CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

# REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE FEAST OF ST. LAWRENCE.

MANY a year has now rolled on since first it became a cherished feeling of my bosom, to look back with sentiments of awe and veneration upon the earlier martyrs of the church. I have admired the enthusiasm of their charity,—I have almost envied their self-devotion,—and my whole soul has glowed within me, in reading the records of their heroism, amid the accumulated torments of their varied martyrdoms,—my imagination had formed to itself, as it were, a picture gallery, hung with the portraits of a Clemens, an Ignatius, a Polycarp, a Pothinus, an Irenæus, and a Lawrence, with hundreds of others, the victims of their burning zeal and love. Upon these I was wont to gaze in fancy, as there fell upon my softened imagination the mellow light reflected from the tradition of nearly two thousand years. Yet, in this gallery, these portraits of my own collecting *then* wanted to me one interesting feature—I could not then appreciate them as *family* portraits. In vain I endeavored thus to identify myself with them. I coldly reasoned in the abstract that they were Christians, and so was I. Nay, warming my bosom with feelings glowing with something of their own enthusiasm, I besought myself of Him who died upon the cross—I claimed Him as my Saviour—and were they not His martyrs! Was not here a bond of brotherhood which would entitle me to the fondest embraces of these elder children of the Faith? Alas! it would not do. I paced my imaginary gallery,—I again and again admired the portraits drawn

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the perfect state for which the sacrifice was made. The explanation given in the text, is that of the greater part of commentators: this, less followed by the learned, seems to be the most popular. For, when it is said, that after putting one's hand to the plough, we should not look behind, it is understood generally, that when we have taken the first step, we must sustain it with constancy, and not retrace our steps.

Of the three men mentioned above, it is probable that only the second followed Christ. This is conjectured from the fact that he was the only one whom Christ invited---and that twice---to *follow him*. He had, therefore, a vocation which the others, who came to offer themselves, had not. Moreover, the difficulty he made for the present moment sprang from a good principle, and apparently from the persuasion that the aid which he intended giving his Father was a duty which he could not conscientiously dispense with. And, in effect, before the grand maxim of the gospel had appeared before the world, what could be imagined that should take the preference over such a duty?

by the pencil of my imagination, and clothed in the diversified colors with which the varied circumstances of their deaths had arranged them; but still they were to me only the pictures of heroes,—of Christian heroes indeed, venerable in their piety, admirable in their patience, calm in their resignation, and glowing in their love. They engaged my esteem,—they received the homage of my warmest commendation,—they awakened even my tenderest sympathies; but the full warmth of my soul's affection was not there. I admired them as more than men; but all my efforts were vain to realise towards them the instinctive love of brethren.—They were without me—they were above me. A secret consciousness reminded me *they* were CATHOLICS—and I, though for many a year I had abjured the name of Protestant, could not, however, bring myself to adopt that modern fiction which usurps the name of Catholic, while connected with schism, and dissevered from the presiding chair of Catholic communion.

Such were my feelings when contemplating those worthies of Christian antiquity a year ago. With what different emotions this last St. Lawrence's day, did I ascend the hill that leads to a retired chapel in the village of * * *, which, under the invocation of Our Lady, rejoices in the daily celebration of the sacred mysteries, according to the rites of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic church.

St. Lawrence was one of those holy martyrs who especially engaged the enthusiasm of my early years, from the time that an acquaintance with the treasures of ecclesiastical history made known to me the resplendent excellencies of his exalted character. Cold indeed must be that bosom which could not throb with livelier pulsations, quickened by the ardor of his burning charity for the poor; or would not warm into an intenser glow at the affection of his zeal, when, in recollection of his diaconal office, he longed to bear a self-devoted part in that sacrifice which his holy Bishop, Pope St. Xystus, was called upon to offer of himself as a victim to the faith.—Chilled would be every kindlier feeling of that breast which could not sympathise with him in the excruciating torments of his martyrdom, and rise even to a pitch of enthusiastic admiration at contemplating, in the illuminated record of his sufferings, the calm heroism with which he bore them, thus triumphing in the might of his Lord over the cruel ingenuity and malice of his tormentors. What new feelings, however, did I not find awakened within my bosom in recalling to my recollection that, as a Catholic, I was privileged to be his brother—that while entering somewhat into a sense of his agony, I can now identify myself with his triumphs, and plead an interest in his intercession. "Yes," said I to myself, "I am a Catholic. We are members of the same church,—sheep of the same fold,—children of the same father, as heirs of the same promises." And then came upon my mind the con-

soling, the absorbing thought, that I am in communion with that very church of which St. Lawrence was archdeacon—the church of Rome,—that church which was saluted by St. Ignatius, bishop of the patriarchal see of Antioch, as the *presiding* church, Etis Prokathetai. Then did I feel how cold, how cheerless, how unsatisfying is the theory of the Anglican, who, connected with that tremendous schism which has drawn down upon itself, in their just severity, the terrible censures of St. Peter's chair, is thus severed from that church which can boast a long line of martyrs of every grade and every rank, commencing with a St. Peter and a St. Paul, and commemorating in her venerable rites her Linus and her Cletus, her Clemens and her Xystus, her Lawrence and her Chrysogonus. These are her glorious champions, who, unseen by mortal eyes, encircle her ramparts as with walls of fire; and in the glowing transports of a love inflamed by uninterrupted years of blessed enjoyment of the beatific vision, shed down upon her children the reflected warmth of a fraternal charity which emanates from him who is the central source of love. Built upon the foundation rock of her St. Peter, —strong in the protection of those battlements which her martyrs, as so many living stones, have themselves reared up around her, and cemented in their blood,—she can well bid defiance to the assaults which the unhappy armies of the aliens may make upon her, and which have hitherto only recoiled upon themselves in shame, confusion, and disgrace.

With what new feelings of delight do I now walk in my picture gallery, hung round with so many family portraits, all sharing in the common lineaments of a family likeness, yet at the same time distinguished by those characteristic features which mark the peculiarity of each. Were my pencil practised, and the tone of my coloring sufficiently warm, with what pleasure would I take a copy of each portrait in this ancestral hall of my imagination, thus glorifying in a descent and relationship with the Fisherman and the Tent-maker, as beyond all that titled celebrity or accumulated wealth can boast. And as to excellency of family descent, I here carry mine beyond the proudest pretentions of the worldling, since eighteen hundred years is no small time to rear the gem of the genealogical tree.

A year ago I was, as it were, a wanderer, without a proper name.—This year, grafted on the stock of Catholicity, I have found a home in the church, a father in her priesthood, and brethren in her canonized saints. Placed as within the Gothic niches of the venerable pile of her time-honored edifice, circled with a halo of glory streaming amid the dim obscurity of ancient days, they shed a hallowed light upon the young enthusiasm of my boyish years; and connecting the present with the past, they lend to the sober reality of Christian triumphs that charm of energy, devotedness, and high-bearing amid danger, which serves to rivet the enchain-

ed imagination upon the pages of romance. Now, in the sobered calm of maturer years, I hail them as my brethren. I walk with greater confidence, supported upon the arms of their friendship, and from their lips an example would draw fresh lessons of wisdom, humility, and love.

DEO GRATIAS.

W. S. S.

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FOR THE EXPOSITOR.

## THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

They nailed that body to the tree,
The Son of God assumed:
Behold, O sinful man! for thee
To death the Saviour doomed.

But, of his body not a bone—
(For so the Prophets sung,)
Shall broken be;—with a loud groan,
His dying head he hung.

That body then did Joseph crave,
Nor Pilate dared deny;
And laid it in his own new grave,
Hewn from the rock, hard by.

But in the solitary tomb
Three days alone shall be
That body—nor in death's dark womb
Corruption shall it see.

As broke the first morn of the week,
To embalm their Lord again
The tomb the pious women seek,
But seek that tomb in vain.

For, lo! the monumental stone
Was marvellous! rolled away:
The venerable body gone,
And terrified were they!

But, why this terror? ere his doom,
He pledged his holy word
That all the sorrows of the tomb
Should not enchain their Lord.

"Destroy this temple," did he say,
"Your efforts will be void:
I will rebuild, on the third day,
That temple, thus destroyed."

Yes, though that temple so august
In ruins dark was laid,
It sprang more glorious from the dust
And reared to heaven its head.

Angels upon the tomb-stone sat
In robes of white arrayed:
Announcing to the women, that
He rose—as *he had said.*

The Apostles sought him too;—in vain;
No longer there he lay:
The realms of Night could not detain
The Master of the Day.

Christ risen now the Apostles preach
To Gentiles and to Jews:
The truths he taught, they boldly teach,
And spread the gospel-news.

The ground-work and the test of Faith
Christ risen from the grave;
Triumphant over life and death
Our fallen race to save.

Christ risen never more shall die,
We too, from earth shall spring:
O Grave! where is thy Victory!
O Death! where is thy sting? *Bios*

# MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY T. J. FARNHAM.

The license for the Jesuits to enter California is granted on the fifth of February, 1627. The special warrants empowering Padres Kino and Salva Tierra to enter California are subject to these conditions: that they waste nothing belonging to the king, nor draw upon the government treasury without express orders from his majesty; that they take possession of the country, and hold it in the name of the King of Spain.

The powers granted them in these warrants are, to enlist soldiers at their own expense; appoint a commander, whose immunities shall be accounted the same as in time of war; to commission magistrates for the administration of justice in California; and discharge all these from their service at will. With full powers both civil and ecclesiastical, therefore, and the treasury both of the Government and of many private individuals to draw upon, Padre Salva Tierra goes from Mexico to Guadalaxara; thence to Hiaqui, in Senora; and thence on the tenth of October, 1697, with five soldiers, Estevan Rodriguez Lorenzo, Bartoleme de Robles Figueroa, Juan Caravana, Nicolas Marques, and Juan, with their commander, Don Luis de Torres Tortolero, embarks for the scene of his future trials. A great moral hero, with his little band, kneeling in prayer on the deck of a galliot, bound for the conquest of California! The sails are loosened to the winds; they leave the harbor; but they have proceeded hardly a league, when a a squall comes on, which strands them on the beach. All now appear to be lost. But they save themselves in the long-boat; and when the tide rises, the galliot floats again, and proceeds on her voyage. A holy voyage is begun; its consequences are full of hope to man!

On the thirteenth they touch at San Bruno, in California, and at San Dionysio, ten leagues south of San Bruno. At the latter place, fifty Indians receive them with joy. A fine watering-place, discovered in a deep and fruitful glen, indicates the place for an encampment. The provisions, baggage and animals, therefore, are landed, and the barracks of the little garrison built; a line of circumvallation is thrown up, in the centre of which a temporary chapel is raised; before it a crucifix, adorned with a garland of flowers, is erected; and "the image of our Lady of Loretto, as patroness of the conquest, is brought in procession from the galliot, and placed with proper solemnity." On the twenty-fifth of October, formal possession is taken of the

country in the name of the King of Spain.

Thus commences the religious conquest of California by Padre Salva Tierra; a voluntary exile from the highest circles of European life; a great man, with a strong and kind heart; abandoning kindred, ease, and intellectual society, for the well-being of the stupid and filthy natives of the Californian deserts.

The Padre now sends the galliot to Hiaqui for Padre Piccolo, some soldiers and provisions. Meantime he applies himself with unceasing assiduity to learning the Indian language and teaching religion. He pursues the same course as he would with stupid children; induces them to learn the prayers and catechisms, by rewarding attention and industry with something to eat. By thus addressing their strongest propensity as a stimulant for the acquisition of knowledge, he hopes to awaken and instruct their higher faculties of thought and sense of right. In the latter he, for a time, fails. For the savages, dissatisfied with the amount of food which the Padre gives them, fall upon the animals of the post, destroy them, and steal corn from the sacks. Nor are they satisfied with this. They meditate a general attack on the garrison, in order to destroy or drive the people from the country. The good Padre knows their designs, but continues his kindness. Their insolence increases. On the thirteenth of November, the tribes meet to strike a decisive blow. Four savages come to the camp about noon, while the garrison are eating. The sentinel tries to prevent their entering the trenches, and one of the boldest of them dsprives him of the staff used as a halberd. The soldier cries out, and Tortolero running up, wrests it from the Indian with such force and boldness, that the invaders are frightened and retire. At this moment the Indian Alonzo de Tepahui, who keeps the swine and sheep in a valley overgrown with rushes and flags, is assaulted by another party. But aid being immediately rendered, himself and animals are saved. And now falls a shower of arrows and stones from five hundred Indians, advancing to attack the camp.

Ten men and one Californian Indian compose the garrison. And how shall they be so detailed as to meet this numerous force? Tortolero, the acting commander, stations himself and Bartoleme de Robles on the entrenchment facing the lower part of the valley, the post of greatest danger; on the opposite side are Juan de Peru and the Indian Alonzo de Tepahui; on the side looking towards the river, stands the bold and active Indian Marcos Guazavas; on the remaining side is Estevan Rodriguez; the Maltese Juan Caravana has the care of the paderero, or cannon, placed at the gate of the camp; and near to him is Nicolas Marques, the Sicilian, as assistant gunner; Salva Tierra and Sebastien, his Indian, occupy the centre, in order to give aid where there should be the most need. The forces have barely

time to make this disposition of themselves, when the savages begin to advance on all sides, with dreadful shouting and outcries. They are repulsed with as little destruction of life as possible. PADRE SALVA TIERRA desires that course to be pursued. The Indians return to the attack repeatedly for two hours, throwing stones, arrows, and wooden javelins into the trenches, when suddenly the whole body retreats and the action ceases. Half an hour elapses, and they return reinforced, and press upon the trenches with rage so fierce and deadly, that the hope of successful resistance without the paderero grows faint. The Padre, therefore, consents to have it fired. The match is applied. But instead of destroying the Indians, it bursts in pieces and flies about the camp, knocking Juan Caranava senseless to the ground. The Indians against whom it has been levelled, perceive this misfortune, and send notice of it to others with the remark, that since the paderero does not kill, they need not fear the smaller pieces. Of this they are the more persuaded, because the Padre has ordered the soldiers to shoot over them. And the kind old priest, now that the Captain thinks it necessary to fire into the Indian ranks, rushes between the guns and the savages, beseeching them not to press on sure destruction! Three arrows shot at him are the reward of his kindness. Happily, the Padre is not injured. But he withdraws and leaves them to their fate. And now they fall before the muskets of the soldiers! The wounded and dying groan on every side! A route succeeds! They fly in confusion to their villages!

Soon after, messengers of peace arrive. The first is a Chief. He weeps; he talks in broken grief; he acknowledges himself the cause of these disturbances; he first formed the plot, inspirited and drew in the other tribes; he and they have sought vengeance; but are now sincerely repentant. Next comes a band of women leading children. They seat themselves at the gate of the camp, and weeping bitterly, and promising good conduct for themselves and their husbands, offer the children as hostages. The good Padre is greatly rejoiced to see these signs of sorrow; explains to them the wickedness of their acts; and promises them peace, friendship, and other good things, if their husbands prove true to their league. And receiving one of the children in order to remove all suspicion from their minds, sends them to their friends and homes with shouts and other demonstrations of great joy. And now night comes on in this vast waste of burned mountains! The little chapel is opened for worship. Special "thanks are returned to God, His most holy mother, and Saint Stanislaus for his manifold favors."

On examining the camp next morning, it is found "that most of the arrows stick in the pedestal of the cross; whilst the cross itself, and tent which serves for a chapel to 'our lady of Loretto,' are untouch-

ed." None of the garrison are killed; two only are wounded. These are the brave Tortolero and Figueroa; and they adore the holy cross as the standard of their faith; "they sing *Ave Maria* to our lady as their Captain, and unanimously determine to remain in the country." This garrison is called Loretto. To it, for many years to come, will centre the events of the country. Even now it is a bright and lone starry point: the only lamp of truth that burns, from Cape San Lucas to the north pole, is at Loretto. The only civilized men that live on all that extent of coast, breathe this first night after the battle, with their hands clenched on their guns, in the tents of the garrison at Loretto in Lower California!

On the twenty-third of November a long-boat arrives from Senora with Padre Francisco Maria Piccolo—a missionary among the Tarahumares, who has left his former field of toil, for this new one in Californa. Padre Salva Tierra has, by his arrival, a companion at his prayers, and in his labor among these savages. The soldiers now erect some works of defence within the camp; the trench is enlarged and fortified with a palisade and thorny branches of trees; a chapel is built of mortar and stone, with thatched roof, for the image of "our Lady of Loretto;" three other structures are raised, one for the Padres, one for the Captain, and one for a magazine: and near to these are raised the barracks. The Padres employ themselves with the Indians. A small tribe is allowed to take up quarters near the camp.

The native priests, perceiving by this movement of their people, that their authority is diminishing, raise a party to oppose the Padres. They steal a long-boat and break it in pieces; attack a party in pursuit of them, and are driven from the ground; repent, and are again received into favor by the forgiving Padres. Don Pedro Gil de la Sierpe sends Padre Salva Tierra a bark called San Firmin, and a long-boat called San Xavier. With these they bring wood, fruits and horses and cattle, from the opposite coast of Senora. The Padres understand the Indian languages; they also have horses to bear them in their travels; and they undertake, in the beginning of the year 1699, to explore different parts of the country. Padres Salva Tierra and Piccolo visit a place called Londo, eight leagues northward from Loretto. Here is found a populous village and some tillable land. But the inhabitants flee as the Padres approach. They call it San Juan de Londo. Next they attempt to penetrate Vigge Biaundo, lying south of Loretto. On the tenth of May, the soldiers, after much suffering among the rugged precipices, refusing to go father, Padre Piccolo determines to go alone, and climbs the precipices till he comes to a village, where he is received by the savages with the most cordial demonstrations of love. He instructs them four days; names the place San Xavier, and departs. Some portions of this mountain valley can be irri-

gated and tilled for grains and fruit trees. The neighboring heights are craggy and barren; about their bases are some fine pasture lands.

From San Xavier, Padre Piccolo goes westward to the sea, and explores its coast in vain for a harbor and habitable lands. During this journey he discovers, four leagues south-west from San Xavier, a large village of tractable Indians. They reside on the head waters of a fine stream running westward into the Pacific;—a beautiful spot among a dreary desolation, which he consecrates to San Rosalia. At San Xavier, during his absence, the Indians and soldiers have built with sun-dried bricks some small houses and a chapel. The Indians from San Rosalia are there; and Padre Salva Tierra consecrates the Chapel to San Xavier, with great devotion and joy. The done, Padre Piccolo is left in charge at San Xavier, and Padre Salva Tierra returns to Loretto.

The shipping of the mission at this time consists of two vessels, the San Firmin and San Josef, and the long-boat San Xavier. The number of settlers already in California of Spaniards, half-breeds, and Mexican Indians, is six hundred persons; and as the means of supplying them with food from the country produce, has not increased in proportion, it becomes necessary to redouble their diligence to obtain them elsewhere. From Mexico they can export nothing, for the Captain of the garrison at Loretto, having been prevented from using the converts in the pearl fishery, and thus ruining their health, and the Padre's hope of rearing them for Heaven, has, by his misrepresentations of these benevolent men, rendered ineffectual Padre Ugarte's efforts in that quarter. Unfortunately also at this juncture, the two ships of the California missions are cast away! Nothing is left them now but the long-boat! Distress is creeping upon them! The fearful, maddening expectation of starving to death begins to be talked of in Loretto, when Padre Salva Tierra takes the leaky long-boat and goes to the great presiding genius of the missions, Padre Kino, in Senora, for relief. These Padres are devoted friends. They meet and embrace each other warmly, and relate, in the shades of a beautifnl evening, all the hardships which have befallen them; and the success that has attended their labors among the savages. Padre Salva Tierra has reduced the Indians for the space of fifty leagues about Loretto; founded four towns, in which are six hundred Indian Christians; two thousand adult Catechumens, besides many children; all of whom are now starving!

Padre Kino entered Senora in 1687. He was appointed to the lonely missions in the neighborhood of the Indians in the upper country, called Pimeria Alta, a district extending three hundred miles to the northwards of Senora, and embracing the vallies of the Gila and the Colorado. He went alone among these wild Indians; learned their language; formed them into communities; prevailed

upon them to cultivate grains and raise cattle; and by the aid of subordinate agents, has reformed their civil polity; and indoctrinated them in the mysteries and hopes of the Catholic faith. And such is the reverent love of these savages for the excellent Padre that they greet him everywhere as little children do a kind parent, who comes to bless and love them. This influence he uses only for their good. He procures from his Sovereign an edict against their being seized by the Spaniards and immersed in the mines to labor till dead! He acquaints the Vice-Royal Government at Mexico that the military powers often accuse them of rebellion, and make war upon them for the base purpose of taking them captives to dive for pearls and dig in the mountains for the precious metals, and procures a cessation of such barbarity. This is a great work of mercy. For previously, in all those regions, it has been customary for the civil and military authorities to make the Indians labor on the lands or in the mines five years after their conversion. They pay for Christianity in their hearts by the servitude of their bodies. And seldom do the poor Indians live to be free again, after this chain of avarice is put upon them. Very many are the clusters of little wooden crosses, near these mines, which stand over the graves of those who have been worked to death in their deep and dismal depths! Padre Kino gives them liberty; builds them houses and chapels; teaches them agriculture and many other useful arts. Their animals now range on a thousand hills; their ploughs turn the soil of a thousand fields; and their belfries send their peals for prayer and praise up a thousand vales!

Such is the result of the labors of Padre Kino in Pimeria, and such the happy condition of the numerous tribes of Indians on the waters of the Gila and Colorado in the year 1700. These Padres have wrought well in the vineyards of the Faith. And they are now met to converse about the fate of these labors. They have learned that malice has destroyed their interest in Mexico and Spain. They know that the lives of the garrison at Loretto depend on their sole energy and means. And well would it be for the distressed everywere if the relief which they need were dependent on such hearts and heads as those of the Padres Kino and Salva Tierra. The Indian farms are laid under contribution, and the keel of genuine mercy is fast cutting its way to Loretto to feed the dying! Words, wishes, speeches, associations, societies, general and special committee rooms, and newspapers devoted to "the cause," are the outlets and substance of benevolence in the nineteenth century—an untiring chase after the shade of a great idea. In the seventeenth, these hated priests of an odious order, whose name has come to be the common term of the most refined knavery, and even introduced into our lexicons as the appellation for the basest villany, perform acts of the highest vir-

tue, endure hardships of the severest character, and make sacrifices of the noblest nature, for a class of beings who will never have intelligence enough to appreciate them.

After succors are sent to California, these Padres agree to explore the north-west country, in order to ascertain whether California be an island, or whether it be merely a peninsula. This question is deemed of great moment to the missions in California; for if supplies can be sent by land from Padre Kino's mission to Loretto, the expense of shipping to carry them across the Gulf will be avoided, and the certainty of their arrival much increased. Accordingly, it is agreed that Padres Kino and Salva Tierra shall take different routes towards the Colorado. They determine to visit, on the way, Padre Kino's converts at the several missions in that region, and at meet at Mission de Dolores. Accordingly Padre Salva Tierra goes by San Ignacio, San Diepo de Uquitoa, and San Diepo de Pitquin, to river Caborca, and follows its course to Tibutama, Axi, Concepcion de Caborca; while Padre Kino takes the route by Cocospera, San Simon and Jude; strikes the river Caborca and follows its banks through Tierra Tibutama, and other villages, to the place of rendezvous. Thence the Padres, accompanied by ten soldiers, go northward to San Eduardo de Baissia, San Luis de Bacapa, and thence twelve leagues ty San Marcello. This latter place lies northeast from the mouth of the river Colorado, fifty leagues north of the lattitude of the Gila, the same distance from the river Caborca and the same distance eastward from San Xavier del Bac.

The soil of this valley is fit for tillage and pasturage, and abounding in water for all uses. It is surrounded by deserts and lofty mountains. Here they are informed by the Indians of two ways to approach the mouth of the Colorado; the one to the right over the mountains and valley of Santa Clara, the other and the shorter along the coast over a broad tract of sands. The Padres desire to examine the coast, and for this reason, unfortunately, choose the latter route. They travel thirty leagues on the south side of the mountains in search of the Gulf; pass a large section of the mountains, composed of pumice stone; and on the nineteenth of March, arrive at the sandy waste.—On the twentieth, Padre Kino and Captain Mateo Mange, ascend a lofty peak in Lat. 30 degrees N., and not only see the Gulf but the opposite shore and mountains of California.—On the twenty-first they reach the beach. Want of fresh water, and the difficulty of wading in the loose and burning sand, compels them to return to Marcello, and take a higher track, in Lat. 32 degrees 30 minutes, where they ascend a hill of moderate height, from which are clearly seen the mountains of California, the termination of the Gulf, the mouth of the Colorado, the junction of California with the continent! The Padre Kino joyfully returns to San Marcello to build a church and give directions for a

new mission, while SALVA TIERRA goes to Caborca Delores and the other missions of Senora, collecting charities for California, and with heightened expectations of saving the lives of his friends at Loretto, ships himself and them in the old long-boat San Xavier at the mouth of the river Hiaqui, and arrives at Loretto the latter end of April, 1701. Joy fills the camp on the arrival of the good Padre; and earnest thanksgivings are offered in the chapel by his spiritual children on account of his return.

Here we leave California for a brief space to follow good old PADRE KINO through the labors of his last days. In November of 1701 he takes another excursion to San Marcello by a new route, and thence onward to the Gila. He fords this river at San Dionysio near its junction with the Colorado; and having viewed the neighboring country, repasses the Gila and descends the Colorado twenty leagues, among the villages of the Yumas and Quinquimas. Here vast numbers of Indians come to see the Padre and hear him speak of the white man's God. The Colorado at this place is two hundred yards wide. The Indians swim it. If they take anything across, it is placed in a water-tight basket, made of rushes and herbs called Corysta, and floated along before them. PADRE KINO crosses the river on a raft made of tree-tops, and finds on the other shore, great numbers of Quinquimas, Coanopas, Bagiopas and Octguanes Indians, to whom he explains, by means of interpreters, the nature of the true God and the after state. He travels on foot three leagues to the residence of the chief of the Quinquimas. The country over which he passes is level, and covered with a soil fit for tillage and grazing. He calls the place Presentacion de Nuestra Senora. In this neighborhood he sees ten thousand Indians. PADRE KINO is very desirous of travelling to Monterey and Cape Mendocino. But it being impossible for his animals to ford the river, he reluctantly gives up the hope of progressing farther, and returns to his missions in Pimeria.

In February, 1702, PADRE KINO journeys in company with Martin Gonzales. On the twenty-eighth they arrive at San Dionysio, at the junction of the Gila and Colorado.—On the way and at this place the Indians throng the path of this good man, kneeling like children to a loved grandsire for a blessing. In March they advance as far as the village of the Quinquimas, and name it San Rudesindo. These Indians show much love towards the Padres, and even towards the beasts that bear them. The good Padre Gonzales is affected to tears by these demonstrations; and strips off a part of his own wardrobe to clothe an aged man who follows him. They now travel down the Colorado to its entrance into the Gulf. Here many Indians come from the western shore and entreat the Padres to pass over into their country. They learn from them that the Pacific is ten days' journey from this place. The night of the tenth is spent at the point where the

river and the Gulf meet. The tide rises very high and swashes near their couches; horned night-owls hoot on the crags; Padre Gonzales groans with extreme illness! These Padres have designed to cross the river at this place, and travel over the mountains to the Pacific Ocean. But Padre Kino sees the necessity of returning with his sick brother. He succeeds in getting him to the mission of Tibutama, where he dies.—Death in the wilderness, to one who goes into its depths to sow the seeds of salvation, is sweet. The desires of the mind touch the earth lightly. Their objects are things of thought and trust. The hand of hope is laid on the skies! The eye follows it to the temple of immortal faith; is absorbed and fixed there, to the exclusion of everything material. The pains incident to the separation of the living principle from the body, are like brambles which one passes to fields of flowers and fruits, singing-birds, pebbly streams, and odorous shades. And the grave itself becomes in truth the pass-way only to the full enjoyment of the proper objects of the moral sense, without limit or satiety. So this missionary dies, and is buried among the graves of Indian Christians at Tibutama.

The years 1703, 1704, and 1705, Padre Kino spends in building up the missions of Pimeria, and in resisting the persecution raised against him because he will not permit the owners of the mines and plantations to enslave his converts. Having no one to assist him in so wide a province, he is almost constantly travelling from one mission to another, exhorting, encouraging, disciplining, and protecting his spiritual children. These duties task severely the tottering strength of the good old man. But he labors without intermission or discouragement, as he ripens for his reward. Nor does his ardent interest in the Californian mission abate. Every few months he forwards to Loretto his largesses of provisions and animals. But as the expense of supporting shipping for that purpose becomes more and more apparent and perplexing, he determines once more to attempt an exploration of a land route, by which supplies can be sent from the mission on the Gila down the coast to Loretto. Accordingly, in 1706, he turns his footsteps again towards the Colorado, in company with the chief military officers of Senora, and the Franciscan monk, Manuel de Ojuela.—This last expedition of Padre Kino results in confirming his previous discoveries. But being unable to penetrate to Loretto, he returns to his missions, and defends them with the same dauntless courage against the avarice and cruelty of the miners, and the civil and military powers, till 1710, when he passes from the scenes of his benevolence and trials to his grave.

There are few good men in the world. Consequently, when one of this class dies, there is a jewel lost from the crown of earthly virtue. ALL feel the loss of its light, and grope nearer to the ground in their

way onward to their destiny. Padre Kino has given his best energies to the Pimerian and Californian missions. The poor Indians on both sides of the Gulf have been accustomed to eat his bread and receive his blessing. The bells now toll through all Pimeria and Senora, at Loretto and San Xavier. The Indians kneel in their rude chapels, and pray for his soul, and invoke for him the good fellowship of departed saints. Padre Kino is buried among the heights of Pimeria, the scene of his trials and hopes. His grave is lost among the driving sands of those desolate regions; but his good deeds will live forever.

## PYRAMID OF CAIUS CESTUS AT ROME.

(*See Engraving.*)

There is something extremely picturesque in the pyramid of Caius Cestus, the best preserved monument at Rome, and the most splendid piece of ancient sepulchral building there. It is to the ostentation of one individual that we owe this magnificent relic of antiquity. "A stranger among strangers, it has stood there till the language around it has changed."—The idea of eternity is attached to the form of a pyramid, and, although the wild plants have taken root and flourish among the enormous stones of that of Caius Cestus, it does not appear that its beauty has yet suffered any injury. It has a character of impressive grandeur that is very striking. Built of marble, it is more than one hundred feet high; and though time has changed its color to grey, yet, as that grey outline is marked against the bright blue sky, and gay-colored flowers hang in festoons from its crevices, it is a thousand times more beautiful in the eye of the painter and the poet, than it could ever have been in its former state of magnificence.—The ruin adjoins the walls of Rome. The emperor Aurelian, fearful that the pyramid might serve as a fortress for attacking the city, caused it to be enclosed in the ancient walls, which still exist as the walls of modern Rome. At the base of the pyramid stand two marble columns, which were found under ground, and which have been set up again by one of the popes; and before the pyramid lay the Prati del Popolo Romano, now meadows covered with verdure and wild flowers, and having here and there a large tree growing in unrestrained beauty.

Little is known of Caius Cestus, who reared this magnificent temple for himself, but that he was contempory with Cæsar and Augustus, and held a sacred office. He is known but by this monument, which commemorates his death. Death had not for the ancients the terrors it has for us: neither awful nor revolting was *that* which ended in dust and ashes. Their tombs were sedulously placed near the most thronged public ways; and any one who has descended into them, particularly at Pompeii, cannot think that they suggest gloomy or awful thoughts in the association of ideas. That the moderns die in hope or in fear, in horror or in woe, is clearly marked by our tombs; that the ancients died, like heathen or animals, without these feelings, is almost to be seen or felt in viewing their sepulchres.

It was on a beautiful summer's evening, about twenty years ago, that I went to see this monument of Caius Cestus. I lingered long about the ruined walls of the city. The verdure of the surrounding meadows and of the fine trees formed a contrast in color with the sombre ruins, as the long shadows of evening fell, and the soft blue sky was streaked with the vivid tints of an Italian sunset. A flock of goats and sheep were grazing under the stately trees, and the shepherd and his large dog at his feet were peacefully seated near: a look of tranquillity and repose not to be described, hung over every object around. I inquired the meaning of some huge stones that were placed near the trees where the sheep were grazing; and was answered, "There the Protestants who die in Rome are interred." On examining them, I found some tomb-stones for Prussians and Germans, and a few for Englishmen, who had died at Rome, having probably during the war come to Italy in search of that health which their own climate denied them. There was something in these neglected graves, in these rudely-carved stones, in these half-effaced inscriptions, in the tranquil look of the scenery, that forcibly brought to my mind these beautiful lines of Pope's, perhaps the most beautiful he ever wrote:

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored and by strangers mourned.

Under what privations and miseries did not these foreigners end their days—far from friends and the comforts of home!

I sat down on the broken, ruined wall, and mused on various matters connected with our latter end and with the scene before me. The hum of insects and the peaceful tinkling of the sheep-bell were the only sounds that broke in upon the profound seclusion and retirement of the spot. I had been lately in Switzerland; and that spot in the island of St. Pierre where Rousseau had found repose for his excited mind, and where Lord Camelford had expressed a wish to be interred, (a wish and will by the

by, that have not been regarded,) had laid hold of my imagination—a spot where the sun shines brightly, and where no sounds are, save those of the birds singing in the woods, and the rippling of the gentle waters of the lake—and then I thought of England, and of those horrible vaults in which our mortal remains are consigned to oblivion.

All this passed through my mind, and a great deal beside. From these reflections I was roused by the bells of the churches of Rome, which, as the evening fell suddenly, as it does in a southern climate, burst forth at Ave Maria, "and the sound of the bells in the distance seemed to pity and bewail the day that is lost and past." The result of my musings was a strong wish to be interred under the trees near the pyramid of Caius Cestus, if I should die abroad —a wish I never ceased referring to, in illness or in health.

It is seldom that, on any subject, trifling or serious, the same opinion lasts unchanged during sixteen years; so much passes in sixteen years of early life, that changes opinions and feelings. We are forced to feel so deeply for ourselves or for others during those years, when we *live a whole life*, that our reason gets the better of our fancy, or our *insouciance* of both reason and fancy.

Being at Rome in the summer of 1832, I again visited the spot that had so powerfully laid hold of my imagination in my younger years. I found it totally altered. The English had become a colony at Rome; and, out of the crowds who had come hither, some in pursuit of health, some of pleasure, and some of forgetfulness, many had found a grave under her ancient walls. Pope Pius VII. and his minister, Cardinal Consalvi, being both partial to the English nation, and full of gratitude to the king and government, had granted permission for two enclosures to be made, so as to form a proper Christian burial-ground for Protestants. These walls had in some degree spoiled the picturesque beauty of the place, which was now divided into a higher and lower burial ground; the lower ground being the spot where the first tombs were situated in front of the pyramid of Caius Cestus; the upper on a sloping hill, near and immediately under the massy walls of ancient Rome.—Both are exceedingly interesting, independently of their picturesque beauty.

To begin with the lower burial-ground: It is on a flat space before the pyramid, and close under the trees. Cypresses and stone-pines have been planted there, and they are now of great size and beauty; while the aloe and the rose grow close round the graves. Some of the tombs are highly interesting. The largest monument is to the memory of the lady of Sir Grenville Temple; near it is the tomb of Keats, the poet, with this inscription:

This grave contains
all
that was mortal
of a
young English poet,
who
on his death-bed

in the bitterness of his heart
at the malicious power of his enemies,
desired these
words to be engraved on his tombstone:
"Here lies one
whose name was writ in water."
February 24, 1821.

Keats was a true poet in character and disposition; he was composed of most "penetrable stuff," and had a painful susceptibility to the judgments of others. He came to Rome in a consumption, attented by a friend, a young artist: it is supposed that his death was hastened by certain literary criticisms on his poems, that preyed upon his mind He died at the age of twenty-four. Shelley wrote an elegy upon his friend Keats, some of the stanzas of which are most beautiful, and describe the spot where Keats lies interred. Very near that spot a child of Shelley's is buried, and there were Shelley's verses written on the death of his favorite boy, at Rome, in June, 1819:

My lost William—thou in whom
Some bright spirit lived, and died,
That decaying robe consume
Which its lustre faintly hid,
Here its ashes find a tomb:
And beneath this pyramid
Thou art not—if a thing divine
Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine
Is thy mother's grief and mine.

Where art thou, my gentle child?
Let me think thy spirit feeds,
Within its life intense and mild,
The love of living leaves and weeds,
Among these tombs and ruins wild;
Let me think that through low seeds
Of the sweet flowers and sunny grass
Into their hues and scents may pass
A portion.

The higher burial-ground is in a sloping direction from the ruined wall of ancient Rome; walls now decorated for the stranger's remains with roses, the leaves of which fell in luxuriant showers and strewed the tombs. Entering the large iron gates of the enclosure, gates wide enough to admit a funeral procession, a walk rises gradually to these walls; the walk is between rows of aloes and rose-trees, and rosemary hedges. The tombs at present occupy only the highest part of the enclosure, and several of the graves are dressed out with little edges of violets and low-growing flowers, or white roses; and some are entirely neglected, undecked, and unheeded. Many of the graves evince the care of friends, in the way that the flowers are placed and cultivated. From the high ground is a lovely view of Rome, with the dome of St. Peter's and the cypresses of the Villa Millini on the horizon. Between this rich outline distance and the burial-ground, lie verdant meadows, and the large trees, which I had viewed with admiration many years before. Here are buried several artists and learned men of various nations, and here lie the ashes of Shelley, under a plain flat stone, having the following inscription:

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.
Cor Cordium
Natus iv. Aug MDCCXCII.
Obiit viii. Jul. MDCCCXXII.
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.

This unfortunate man of genius was bitterly sensible before he died, of the mischievous tendency of some of the opinions he had maintained, which drew upon him so much indignation, reproach, and contumely; for he confessed with tears that he well knew he had been always in the wrong.—He had desired in his will to be in-

terred in this burial-ground, near the grave of his child, "a spot so beautiful," he used to say, "that it might make one in love with death." The sea had ever been to him a delight, but he seems, from the following lines, to have anticipated that it might prove his grave:

To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, with dark and deepening mass
Roll o'er the blacken'd waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend
With all his winds and lightnings tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns, the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged jaws.

And in those beautiful verses to Time, beginning—"Unfathomable Sea," there is a strength of feeling quite awful, when we think of the manner in which Shelley ended his brief life. He passed much of his time in his boat on the gulfs of La Spezia and Lerici, or in the rocky caves on their shores; and in one of those caves he composed by moonlight his last production, "*The Triumph of Life.*" He perished in his 30th year, from the upsetting of his boat in a storm. It was some days after the loss of the vessel before his body was found, or that of his friend, Mr. Williams, who perished with him; and then they were not in a state to be removed for interment, the one to England, the other to Rome, according to the known wishes of the deceased. The corpses were directed to be burnt, and Lord Byron, who was both executor and friend, was present.

The duty must have been an awful and a trying one to those on whom it fell, according to the account of Leigh Hunt, who was one of the party. It was in July, 1822, the heat intense, and the spot chosen was a wild place upon the beautiful coast between La Spezia and Leghorn. It was a large tract of wood, stunted and twisted into fantastic shapes by the sea-breeze, behind which rose the Appenines.

Aromatic spices and various promoters of fire were laid upon the wood on which the bodies were burned: and the extraordinary beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was noticed afar off. Its wild and awful light struggled with the wind—at last wasted, faded, and all was over.

Not far from Shelley's tomb is an upright square monument of white marble, without any inscription as yet, but executed by Westmacott with great taste and feeling. On one side is a bass-relievo, representing a female figure rising from the waves, and ascending with folded arms to that heaven and eternity, to which an angel is pointing. On the reverse of the monument are emblems of eternity, and the figure of a Genius holding a lighted torch. This monument is to the memory of the beautiful Miss Bathurst, who was drowned in the Tiber.

Near the left wall is a monument to Lord Barrington, and a tombstone to the infant child of Mr. William Lambton.

Go thou, white in thy soul, and fill a throne
Of innocence and purity in Heaven!

Near this end of the burial-ground are many tombs of Prussians, of Germans and Swiss, several of whom were artists. Among the English is that of Harris, the architect. There, too, is buried Bertoldi, the Prussian diplomatist, the wit, and the epicure, whose bon-mots used to animate a whole society.

Near his grave is a flat tombstone, around which the grass grows, and the inscription on which is barely legible. With difficulty you can make out the name of Sir William Drummond, who died at Rome some years ago, at the age of fifty-nine. God rest his soul.

At some distance, in an upright monument of the purest white marble, a piece of sepulchre of great simplicity and taste. It is the tomb of Miss Little. The urn which surmounts it is beautifully chiselled, and upon it, in baso-relievo, is the name of GEORGIA. There is something both in the monument itself, and in the inscription, that is very interesting.

In the upper part of the line of tombs is a large stone monument, erected to one much lamented.

Sacred to the memory of
LADY CHARLOTTE ALBINA STOPFORD,
Wife of James Thomas, Viscount Stopford,
who departed this life on the 29th day
of February, 1828, in the 29th year
of her age.

But God hath delivered my soul from the place of hell; for he shall rescue me.—PSALMS XLIX.

This verse from the Psalms, inscribed on her monument, Lady Stopford was continually repeating during her last illness.

Not far off is a tombstone to the memory of Charles Dudley Ryder, the son of the Bishop of Litchfield, a midshipman on board Captain Robert Spencer's ship, the Naiad, who was drowned with five of her crew at the mouth of the river, 28th May, 1825.

I passed many hours of a beautiful summer day looking at the tombs, and then sat down upon part of the ancient ruined wall close to Shelley's tombstone. What a scene for reflection—past, present, and to come!

Close by were the gates of the greatest city of ancient times, and near were its finest monuments; and before me, in the distance, the dome of St. Peter's, and that beautiful and graceful outline of ruins and of more modern buildings, beautiful as Rome only can show. At my feet were the graves of many whom I had known, of wits and scoffers, of the learned, the beautiful, and the gay—all gone to answer for their follies, and for those very sins which caused them in this world to be sought, followed, and worshipped! All was a warning. Here were youth and beauty cut off in their gayest career, without a little moment for reflection: and manhood's prime, and talent, and genius misemployed, and age and infancy, both helpless alike! Here were graves newly dug, flowers newly planted, but already withered.

And yet there was nothing terrific or horrible in all this. On the contrary, there was a tranquility, a serene repose, that accord with our feelings of eternal rest and eternal forgiveness. Here all was serenely

sublime—the dissolution of the body and the flight of the soul had as little of the horrible about them as could well be; and the rays of the sun fell like the rays of divine mercy upon tombs surrounded with flowers. Twilight came on; and while I sat musing on a tombstone, a distant chant was heard in the direction of S. Paolo *fuori della mura.* It was a dirge for the dead, and a funeral procession passed near enough for me to see the light of the torches flashing through the branches of the trees. The chant was low-toned, solemn, slow, feebly sung by the old monks. A moment passed, and the sounds died away. I rose, and followed the procession.

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FROM THE LONDON CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

## FLOWERS FROM THE HOLY FATHERS.

"Semper tibi displiceat quod es, si vis pervinire ad id quod nondum es. Nam ubi tibi placuisti ibi remansisti. Semper profice, noli in via remanere, noli retro redire—noli deviare."—*Sti Augustini. Serm* 5 *de Bt. Apost.*

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HERE must the Christian onward press
With toil and sweat, through foul and fair,
In days of gladness, or distress,
Of looking back he must beware.

His life of grace must still advance,
His onward gaze fixed on the goal,
With penance ever new enhance
The love and virtue of his soul.

There is a strong and running tide
Sweeps past his boat, and he who stays
To rest upon his oars, shall glide
Unnoticed back from Heaven's grace.

Still while the haven is ungained,
Still must he stem the troublous stream,
Each nerve be strung, each muscle strained,
If he would gain his precious aim.

He who stands still, falls back; how few,
Alas! drink in the fearful truth!
How many lose, in earth's dull show,
The glowing fervor of their youth!

Then let us on with bold address,
Unlured by joys unmoved by woes,
Until our weary feet shall press
The haven of our last repose!

# LITERARY NOTICES.

*Letters of the late Bishop England, on the subject of Domestic Slavery, &c., &c., printed and published by John Murphy, 146 Market St., Baltimore.*

One of the most remarkable productions of a wonderful man, is, indeed, this series of letters, addressed to the Hon. John Forsyth, on the very important subject of Domestic Slavery. We rejoice to find an edition of this work, in a small, neat form, as issued by the respectable publisher. A great good will be done to the cause of justice; while the fanatacism of abolition will be silenced and put to shame, by the immense learning, and unanswerable arguments, scriptural, traditional and canonical, which are brought to sustain the propriety and justifiableness of slavery as it exists in our southern States. The condition of our slaves is, we admit, a necessary evil: but an evil, which, while it is not in oppugnance to any divine or moral injunction, is, nevertheless, to be deplored in the abstract, but not *violently* to be broken up in practice. The prefatory remarks by Mr. Read are worthy of serious consideration. And the letters themselves should be studied by dispassionate men, and unprejudiced Christians. We hope they may produce the desired effect on the other side of the Atlantic, where our slavery is so little understood, and where no little share of invective has been thundered against our Republic for tolerating one evil merely to prevent a greater. Amongst all the letters—deeply interesting as all are—we would recommend particularly the third and fourth to the general reader. In which slavery is vindicated, first from the Old, and afterwards from the New, Testatement.

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Address *delivered before the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College, on the 27th. of February, by* Edward C. Donnelly.

We are always glad to hear from our first old "Alma Mater." The present oration comes to us in all the usual patriotic paraphanalia with which the anniversary of Washington's birth-day generally invests it. Mr. Donnelly breathes the spirit which the genius of the college infuses into her alumni: and speaks in a style which, at once, discloses the character of the school in which he

has been trained. As a specimen of the whole, we make room for the conclusion of the address:

"Here, then, gentlemen, we see some of the consequences of the struggle of our sires—here we see the mighty influence which that struggle exercised upon the destinies of Europe. Though her old institutions yet maintain power and influence, still they have received a blow from which they never will recover. Daily do we behold the increasing spread of our republican principles: daily do we behold the increasing expansion of the public mind manifested as it is in the wise decisions of representative legislative assemblies and in the just administration of executive powers; and to no other cause under Heaven can we attribute this happy state of events than to the successful Revolution of our immortal sires. How proud then, gentlemen, may we not as Americans feel, when we reflect that this great reformation in the civilized world is attributed to the virtues of our fathers! What a source of glory will it not prove to our country in after ages, when time shall have thrown her charm around events that are now but recent, that America was the first who led the way in determined opposition to tyranical oppression—that it was with America that the great movement for universal liberty originated—that it was America who first opposed the divine right of kings to injure and oppress, and made the first determined stand for the inalienable rights of mankind.

"It is in consideration of these consequences, that, as I have already observed, we form the best conception of the magnitude of the debt we have contracted; it is in the contemplation of the immense benefits mankind has reaped from their labors, that we best learn to admire, to love, to venerate the men who could achieve them. What gratitude, what reverence, then, are not due to him who was the life and the soul of this glorious work! How can the world ever sufficiently manifest its appreciation of his virtues! Eulogy sinks before the subject—words are found incompetent to laud the virtues of Washington—and I can but point to the great scenes in which they were exercised, to the great field of all his glory, and there behold a monument, there read a eulogy, more splendid, more eloquent in its silence than words could ever pronounce. Wrapped in the solitude of his own grandeur, he sits enthroned above us all, equally beyond the praises and the slanders of the world—a splended picture to call forth the admiration, the reverence, and the regret of mankind, that the world has seen but *one* such man! He has left us a land hallowed by the sacred presence of Liberty. The poor emigrant, the oppressed of every clime, directs his footsteps to our shores, there to find the fount, the source of all human happiness—there to be welcomed by the Genius of Universal Liberty. As he walks abroad over the land which he has sought, his spirit proudly rises, he becomes elevated by the consciousness that he treads a land consecrated by the Genius of Universal Liberty, for it is the country, the home, and the sepulchre of Washington."

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*The Columbian Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine. New-York, Israel Post, 3 Astor House.*

The April number of this popular Magazine is upon our table. As

usual, we find contributions by the worthy and talented editor, as also by many others of the best writers of the day. Heretofore we have spoken our thoughts in regard to the high merit of this periodical, and we can now but reiterate our former remarks and wishes for its success; confident that if merit receives a just appreciation and patronage, the Columbian Magazine will, in a short time, have but few rivals, and no superiors in the popular favor.

MILNER'S END OF CONTROVERSY, *Edward Dunigan*, 151 *Fulton St., New-York;* 318 *pp.*, 12*mo.*

We have received from this enterprising publisher, a new edition of this famous controversial work which is issued in a neat style, and sold at the low price of *thirty cents* per copy. We commend it to our readers as the *cheapest* Catholic book yet published in this country, and hope it will have an extensive circulation.

## EDITORIAL OBSERVATIONS.

The first hereisarch who opposed Episcopacy, was not ARIUS, as printed by mistake in the note, page 50; but AERIUS. It is important that this should be corrected, and we do it, therefore, in this place.

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Our readers will perceive how much improved in type and style the first number of our new volume appears. Arrangements have been made, by which the typography will be diligently watched, and thus, as far as possible, errors will be prevented. Our only study and aim in continuing this periodical will be, to present to the American public a Catholic work, which, not only in matter, but also in attire, will reflect no dishonor upon the noble cause to which we are devoted.

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We are indebted to A. H. Palmer Esq., of the American and Foreign agency, No. 56 Wall St., for late files of the "Friend of India," the "Hong-Kong Gazette," and "Calcutta Directory," from which we will be enabled to extract some items of interesting Catholic intelligence. We hope the gentleman will continue his favors.

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For the learned paper on the subject of the Hierarchy, we acknowledge our thanks to a young gentleman,

whose name, as he has modestly withheld it himself, we reluctantly conceal. It is, however, no ordinary thing to find one, in the midst of fashionable life, devoting his leisure moments to productions of this kind: a proper occupation for a Catholic gentleman, and deserving of imitation. If our Catholic talent would be brought to combine in the filling up of our periodicals, they would become worthy their object and their cause. As far as we are concerned, we assure our readers, that we have often to deplore the want of materials by which we might, with more variety and ability, instruct and interest them. We do trust, however, that in the forthcoming volumes, they will be more liberally extended to our assistance, and as an incentive, we present as a model the accomplished author of the article which elicited these remarks.

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To R. R. I. P., we must likewise return our thanks for his fine Scriptural poetry, with the hope that he will not weary in his edifying labors.

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We give an interesting extract from a valuable work on California, which is now being issued in numbers, from the pen of Mr. Farnham. This gentleman, though not a Catholic, is not afraid to do justice to the labors and virtues of the missionaries of our Church.

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## INTELLIGENCE.

New Bishops.—The consecration of Right Rev. Dr. Tyler, Bishop elect of Hartford, took place in the Metropolitan Church, Baltimore, on Sunday last. The Bishop of Boston, by leave of the Most Rev. Archbishop was the consecrator.

Dr. Tyler, is an American convert. He embraced the faith about twenty-five years ago, at the age of 15 or thereabouts, when his mother and her brother, the late Mr. Barber, and his son, the Rev. Virgil H. Barber, both of them Episcopalian ministers, and their relatives were received into the Catholic Church. Nearly twenty persons of these families then embraced the faith. Besides his Rev. cousin, a priest of the Society of Jesus, his nephew Rev. Samuel Barber, son of the last named clergyman, is also in the sacred ministry. The health of the Bishop is rather delicate, but we trust that it will speedily be restored, that he may labor in the portion of the vineyard entrusted to him. Ad multos annos.—*Catholic Herald.*

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Our Bishop.—We have at length the inexpressible pleasure, of an-

nouncing to the Catholics of the Diocess of Charleston, that they are no longer without a Bishop.

The Right Rev. Ignatius Reynolds, D. D., formerly Vicar General of the Diocess of Lousville, having been appointed by the Holy See, at the recommendation of the Bishops of the Province, assembled in the last Council, was consecrated on the festival of St. Joseph, the 19th inst. in Cincinnati, as Bishop of this See. Bishop Reynolds, is, we believe, a native of Kentucky. In him, zeal and piety are combined, with erudition and urbanity, and all that have known him, whether personally or by reputation, have ranked him among the most eminent of the Catholic clergy, and must acknowledge that he is well qualified to be the successor of the Apostolic Bishop England.

Our church has mourned in widowhood, for nearly two years. We have many reasons to thank God for his mercies, even in chastising us. He has dealt with us in mercy, even while depriving for a time of the consoling presence and care of a Bishop, that we might learn in our affliction to prize more highly and to correspond more faithfully to the blessing.

We translate the following from Der Wahrheits—freund of Cincinnati, March 21.

"The august ceremony of the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Henni, Bishop of Milwaukie and of the Right Rev. Dr. Reynolds, Bishop of Charleston was performed in the Cathedral of St. Peter's on the festival of St. Joseph, the 19th inst. The Right Rev. Dr. Purcell of Cincinnati was the consecrator, assisted by the Right Rev. Drs. Miles of Nashville, and O'Connor of Pittsburgh. The venerable Bishop Flaget of Lousville, and a great number of the clergy of this and the neighboring Diocesses were also present. The Very Rev. E. Purcell, V. G. preached in the morning, and the Rev. Dr. Spalding in the afternoon."

Yesterday morning, at 10 A. M. a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in the Cathedral, with the prayers appropriate to the occasion, and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, in thanksgiving for the appointment of our new Bishop.

We have no positive information as to when Bishop Reynolds may be looked for in this city. We are however led to believe that he intends coming on immediately, and that we will soon have the pleasure of seeing him among us.—*U. S. Catholic Miscellany.*

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Magnificent Church.—*New Catholic Cathedral at Lambeth.*—This building, which is situated in the Westminster-road, opposite the Blind Asylum and Bethelem Hospital, is rapidly approaching completion. The foundation stone was laid in April, 1840, on which occasion the church was dedicated to St. George, the patron saint of England. It is the largest ecclesiastical edifice devoted to the Catholic worship, that has been constructed since the "Reformation," when Henry VIII, destroyed and re-

duced the majority of the Catholic establishments. Its external dimensions are 250 feet long by 84 feet broad. The heighth of the tower at the west end, at present, is 60 feet, but when completed its extre elevation will be 330 feet above the ground level. The style of architecture preserved throughout the building, is the florid Gothic. The tower is most substantially built of Caen stone, its walls averaging nine feet in thickness. It contains a belfry, with room for a peal of eight bells. On each side of the tower are double belfry windows, decorated with mitres, parapets, pinnacles, &c., and when funds shall admit, it is intended to ornament the walls with 100 statues of saints and martyrs. The tower will be surmounted by a steeple, built after the pattern of the magnificent spire of Salisbury Cathedral, and will be terminated by a large cross. The interior height of the church, from floor to ceiling, is 57 feet. The length of the nave in the clear is 160 feet, by 72 feet broad; the chancel is 40 feet long, by 26 feet broad. Over the entrance to the chancel is a richly carved oak screen, and a road loft in the form of a cross, on each side of which will be placed statues, of Saint John and Saint Anne. From either side of the road loft ascends a spiral staircase, terminating externally in two turrets decorated with crockets, figures, and other ornamented work. Each turret is elevated forty feet above the ceiling. A carved stone pulpit will be placed at a short distance from the chancel screen. Adjoining the chancel, on each side, are two small chapels for altars, over which are to be placed stained glass windows. The chancel window is very large, measuring 60 feet by 18 feet; the millions are of oak, with rich foliage; the interstices will be filled with stained glass of various colors, containig an emblamatical representation of the history and passion of our Lord. It is the gift of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and will cost £500. Underneath will be placed the principal altar, wich will be decorated with statues of saints and bishops. Another large window is placed in the tower opposite the chancel window, and is considered a fine specimen of the florid style of architecture. The church contains in all 28 windows. The roof is constructed of carved, stained timber, which will be stencilled in various colors and devices.—The mode in which the roof has been built is a modification of the manner anciently observed in the building of large edifices. Instead of covering the rafters of the ceiling with lath and plaster, to form a basis on which to construct the decorative work, as is usually done in modern buildings, the rafters themselves subserve ornamental purposes, by which means considerable expense is avoided, and beauty is combined with utility. The roof is supported by two rows of fluted stone pillars, consisting of eight in each row. The pillars are 18 feet in height, and will be finished by capitals elaborately wrought in fine stone, carved in rich foliage, and connected

one with another by small intercolumniations, in the form of arches, rising from the capitals to the rafters. The floor of the nave and aisles will be covered with red and blue Staffordshire tiles, each tile measuring six inches in the square. The chancel and side chapels are to be paved with encaustic tiles cast in different shapes and of various colors. At the southwest corner of the south aisle will be placed the large and richly ornamented baptismal font carved in Caen stone. The interior of the church is not obstructed by galleries; the only projections are the organ loft and two small galleries for the choir over the two side door ways at the east end. No pews or closed seats will be allowed, but open benches will be placed down the aisle, constructed with low backs, so as to afford an unobstructed view of the interior. The seats will yield accommodation for 5,000 persons. The bare cost of erecting the cathedral will be £40,000, but is expected that a sum of £100,000 will be necessary to complete all the contemplated embellishments and improvements.

At the east end of the church is a large sacristy, and adjoining at the north-east corner are cloisters, which connect the edifice with a presbytery, containing a spacious dining-room, and affording accommodation for several priests. Abutting on this is a convent for the Sisters of Mercy, and a school for 300 children. The convent is fitted up with kitchens, refectory, dormitories, a small chapel with a belfry, and will furnish an abode fer thirteen Sisters of Mercy, whose charity and kind offices will be distributed indiscriminately among the members of all religious denominations who may need assistance. The convent, with its accompanying buildings, will cost £7,000. The architecture displayed in its construction is of a similar style to that used in the building of the church, only more subdued, and of a less expensive description. Several little turrets and spires are erected in various parts which give it a very pleasing effect. The church and nunnery together stand upon an acre of gronnd, measurin g 42.000 square feet. The entire edifice is built from the design of Mr. Pugin, under the superintendence of Mr. Myers, who, during the last ten years, has been engaged in the construction of 37 churches. The cathedral will be consecrated and opened for public worship in the autumn of the present year: but a considerable time must necessarily elapse before the great tower and spire shall be completed. The subscriptions towards this gigantic undertaking have, in the most part, been raised in the provinces through the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Doyle, who is the principal officiating priest. The Earl of Shrewsbury and the late Mr. Benjamin George Hodges have been the principal contributors. A considerable sum has also been subscribed by the poorer classes inhabiting the parish of St. George. The names of the King of Sardinia, the King of Bohemia, and other foreign ponten-

tates, also figure largely in the list of contributors. A liberal donation is expected from Louis Phillippe, the King of the French, who, during his stay in England, was a resident of St. George's parish. The Catholic chapel in the London-road, as soon as the cathedral is finished, will be converted into an hospital for the cure of cancer. The Cathedral is the largest structure in Great Britain that has been erected by voluntary subscriptions.—*London Times.*

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Sisters of Charity.—A correspondent of *The London Morning Post* cites the following extract from the evidence recently given by the Rev. John Garbett, rector of St. George's, Birmingham, and Rural Dean, at page 134 of the first report of the Midland Mining Commission:—"I am convinced that nothing is so likely to destroy this country, as inducing the different classes to regard each other as castes. There must be a way of intermingling the *higher* with the *poorer* classes. The intercourse of ladies, of all things the most ameliorating, is invaluable. I have a number of female district visitors thus employed. The Roman Catholics have recently established a convent of Sisters of Charity, close to my parish, whose labors, in the way of conversion, I seriously dread. They will effect more in one year than all the priests in Great Britain in seven. I name this as a proof of the effect of *sympathy* wtth the poorer classes." After such testimony as this, proceeds the writer, we appear especially called upon to endeavor to carry out some such proposition as the active piety of Lord John Manners has suggested; and it is the more incumbent upon us to do so at the present time, when the Church of Rome (having discovered the power and efficacy of this part of her system) is setting up conventual establishments in all parts of the kingdom. Convents have not only been established at Dublin, York, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Newcastle, but in the very capital itself, namely, at Bermondsey and Lambeth. —*Eng. Churchman.*

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The Jesuits.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Atlas, in alluding to the Society of Jesus, made use of the following language:

"Jesuitism, which bound a man by a secret oath to commit the worst crimes, if the Pope commanded."

Bishop Purcell, in a communication to the same paper, makes the following proposition in reference to the foregoing charge:

"I hereby declare that I will deposit *five hundred dollars* in the hands of any respectable citizen, provided that an equal amount be deposited by your correspondent. If he can prove his assertion, let him take the money and bestow it in charity—if he cannot prove it, let the same privilege be extended to me. I am willing, should it meet with his approbation, to have the question decided by the Rev. Mr. Perkins, who I trust will pardon me for mentioning his name, because in general estimation his character for sincerity and scholarship cannot be impeached. I do not know his opinion on this subject, but I will abide by his judgment."



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